

OAKLAND TAKES OVER THE WEST
Sports Illustrated

MAY 3, 1971 60 CENTS

Catcher Dave Duncan



Angel Shortstop Jim Fregosi



Now, a Chrysler priced less than a Chrysler.

Our newest Chrysler. Royal.

It's priced less than any other Chrysler series. Yet it gives you all the things you'd expect of a car carrying the Chrysler name.

For one thing, the Royal is a full-size car. We refuse to compromise by offering "junior editions." So Royal is every bit as big as our most luxurious New Yorker.

Royal delivers a smooth, comfortable ride. Most big cars do. But Royal also gives you a torsion-bar suspension system. Torsion bars twist against bumps instead of trying to bounce them away like coil springs. And you get more control in the turns. You can be confident of a Chrysler's ability to handle well in tough spots. Like a quick expressway lane change. Or a tight turn.

Outside of Chrysler products, only two American cars have torsion bars—Cadillac Eldorado and Oldsmobile Toronado.

Royal's 360 V-8 is designed to give you all the power you need. For freeway cruising without strain. For safe passing. For all the options you want. But more than that, it performs best at the most commonly used speeds. Commuting and city-driving.

And like every Chrysler we build, Royal's body is unitized. It's the strongest way to build a car. The body and



frame are welded together, not bolted. This makes it more rigid. The body stays tighter longer.

The passenger compartment is completely insulated—and isolated with sound deadeners—to give you the quietest ride we've ever offered on any Chrysler.

All these things you'd expect of a Chrysler. Yet the Royal has one thing that you don't expect—the new low price.

Royal is priced less than any other Chrysler. We did it to make Chrysler affordable to more people than ever before.

We're confident that once you try a Chrysler, you'll stay with it for a long time.



**Coming
Through.**



"The day we got our four-bladed Jacobsen was the turning point in my career." Ken Wells, grass cutter.

"In my business, there's one thing you've got to remember: your lawnmower can make you or break you. With a great lawnmower, you can be the Babe Ruth of the grass cutters."

(A Jacobsen is a great lawnmower. It has four blades instead of two to give you twice the cutting action.)

"With a great lawnmower, you're in demand. 'Hey, Kenny, come do my grass!' That's all I hear all day long."

(A Jacobsen is a great lawnmower. All four blades are reversible and replaceable for longer life. And retractable for greater safety.)

"With a great lawnmower you can command vast sums of money. A dollar ten an hour at the very least."

(A Jacobsen is a great lawnmower. It'll cut the grass so fine sometimes you don't have to rake.)

"With a great lawnmower people look up to you. Even if you're small, and they have to look down at you to look up to you."

(Jacobsen offers a great lawnmower line. There are self-propelled models, and models that start with a key like a car.)

"My success as a cutter of grass, which dates back to the day we got our Jacobsen, has taught me one important lesson: in this crazy business, you're only as good as your lawnmower."

JACOBSEN

A member Company of Allgheny Ludlum Industries

Get a Jacobsen and get it over with.



Bath Powder 6.00



No. 5 from 10.00



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CHANEL

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Next week

BURYING THE BULLETS in their first games, Milwaukee's Bucks seem headed for the championship that Lew Alcindor had produced. But will they get it? And how easily?

ANGRY MAN and fine golfer, temperamental Dave Hill combines a penchant for controversy with a poetic feeling for his game and how it should be played. Myron Cope reports.

CHAW TALK is what goes on between baseball's tobacco-chewing coaches and the men who play the game. In color, a gallery of straddlers who have that old-time flair.

Which of these cities spends over \$2,000 a year on each student?



Boston



New York



Philadelphia



Chicago



St. Louis



San Francisco



Los Angeles

People always complain about public education. But we're spending a fortune on our schools. New York City, for example, spends over \$2,000 per year for each student.* That's almost \$1,000 more than any of these other cities.

There's a CBS Owned AM radio station in each of these seven cities. And they're helping to find answers to the problems in our schools. It's a big job, because our stations feel responsible to over 60 million people.

Like the people of Chicago. When that city's reading levels were found to be below the national average, WBBM Newsradio pointed out the causes and what could be done to correct the problem. In fact, WBBM has a reporter whose regular beat is the Chicago Board of Education.

KCBS Newsradio in San Francisco presents "Education in Action" fifteen times a week to concentrate on the problems of specific school districts. Last year, the California Teachers Association gave the station three out of four broadcasting awards.

When the seven CBS Owned radio stations aren't busy presenting the news of the day, they're also searching for solutions to problems like unemployment and pollution.

Because you don't get all the answers in school.

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We feel responsible to over 60 million people

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WABC Newsradio 680 New York
WABC Radio 121 Philadelphia
WBBM Newsradio 760 Chicago
KCBS Radio 1430 San Francisco
KCBS Newsradio 740 San Francisco
KCBS Newsradio 1070 Los Angeles
Represented by CBS Radio Sales



The secret of Sox & Martin.

Jake King may be the most successful racing mechanic in the country.

We asked if he had any "secret" tricks. "I just put 'em

together real careful and Ronnie drives 'em real fast."

We asked if he used Champion Spark Plugs. "Who told you that?"



**20 million people have switched to Champion Spark Plugs.
Sox & Martin don't have to.**

The Pleasure Principle
As long as you're going
to spend the money
for a good scotch,
why not spend a
little more and get
a great scotch.

J&B RARE
The Pleasure Principle.



85 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky. ©1977 Franklin, Oregon, N.Y. 10020

BOOKTALK

An airline-pilot-turned-navigator describes
crossing the Atlantic in a 6-foot boat

Hugo Vihlen was a \$23,000-a-year pilot for Delta Air Lines when he decided a few years ago—for no reason he has adequately explained—to cross the Atlantic Ocean in the smallest boat ever used for such a purpose. His vessel, called *April Fool* and measuring precisely 5' 11½" from stern to stern, was less than half the length of Robert Manry's *Tinkerbell*, the previously smallest craft to make the crossing.

The voyage is described by Vihlen in a diary he kept and which is now published as a book, *April Fool* (Follett, \$5.95). The book jacket suggests the reader may appreciate Vihlen's feat the more by imagining sailing the Atlantic in "your bathtub with a mast and a three-horsepower outboard motor..." Certainly the photographs that accompany the story are no help, they make *April Fool* look as though she has been cleaved in half—or thirds, as if perhaps both bow and stern are missing.

Vihlen had not sailed for 18 years when he decided on his trip, and so when the plywood and fiber-glass boat was launched he kept making elementary mistakes—things like getting hit by the boom. When he asked people for advice or help, he was usually advised not to go. His first attempt was aborted when—after getting two months' leave from Delta and crating his vessel off to North Africa—he got hung up in official red tape, design deficiencies and by the African onshore winds. When he gave up, the Delta company magazine commented: "Rub a dub dub, Hugo's tub was a flub."

But Hugo Vihlen is nothing if not determined. He shipped his boat home to Florida, where he made extensive modifications, learned a good deal more about African coastal winds, and re-embarked from Casablanca the following March. This time he cleared the coast, caught the trade winds and—in spite of idiosyncrasies in his vessel like not being able to sail any closer to the wind than 90 degrees—made the 4,400-mile trip to Florida in 85 days.

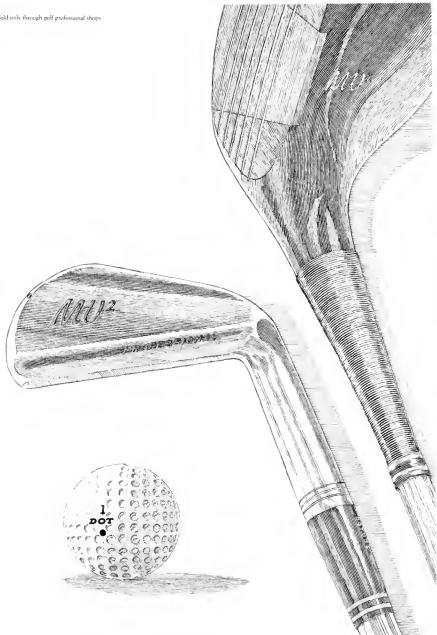
The trip was predictably wretched. He was forced to sleep on his back with knees bent in his 5-foot cabin, and to set his alarm for two-hour intervals so he could keep adjusting his steering. It was also boring, but his health stayed good, his only complaint being a sore arm from steering.

When he finally reached the waters off Florida and was picked up by the Coast Guard, he was astonished to find himself a hero. The state appointed him a commodore, Avironaut Walt Cunningham sent his congratulations, and so did President Johnson. A whale was named after him.

And Delta Air Lines suspended him for being late getting back from vacation.

—J. A. MANTONE GRAHAM

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The system that beat the system.

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Like this. We let the computer know that we plan to use lightweight steel alloy shafts. We tell it all about our proposed head design, specify overall club weight, the flex type and swing weight we want.

In no time the computer hands us precise weight specifications for each different component to obtain a perfect match between head, shaft and grip. So that each club will swing and feel like every other club in the set.

And what you get is the MV2 System—matched clubs which are the closest thing to registered grade clubs ever available at the price.

The MV2 is rich-looking, too. Hand-sculptured persimmon wood heads have titanite face inserts for click and control. The irons have specially tempered steel heads, hand-polished, then chrome-plated by Spalding's own Perma-Finish process.

The look and playability is pure jet set. The price tag is designed for the golfer on an economy drive.

That's MV2. The system that beat the system.



SPALDING.
If you play to win.

SCORECARD

Edited by MARTIN KANE

REAL STORY

Few movies—and certainly none concerned with sport—have ever come out with such impact as *Derby*, which is now opening in theaters around the country. Judith Crist has called the film “the first total triumph of the *vérité* that cinema aspires to,” whatever that means, and other critics have waxed almost as poetic. The irony is that *Derby* is about the Roller Derby, which so many sports fans haughtily look down on as a sham; yet it is this “sport” in this film which tells so many real, harsh truths about America.

Derby is so genuine that it is often hard to believe that it is not staged. Young Mike Snell, who skated into the starring role in the film by asking to try out for the Roller Derby when it played his home town, Dayton, cheats on his wife and his boss before the cameras with as much style as boldness. His wife confronts one of her husband's mistresses in a scene so excruciatingly raw that it is embarrassing to watch. And Charlie O'Connell, the quintessential Roller Derby hero, describes himself and his life in such a way that younger generations will surely forget there ever was a Horatio Alger. Success tales must be “Charlie O'Connell stories” hereafter.

For anyone—particularly anyone satiated with the vintage 1930 “highlight films” that baseball, football and basketball still faithfully produce every year—*Derby* is a giant step into the real world of sport, and otherwise. If you liked *The Knute Rockne Story*, you'll hate *Derby*.

CARNIVAL SHOW CLOSES

The mismatch of the century, coming on the heels of the fight of the century, has now, praise be, been averted. The proposal to pit Muhammad Ali, former world heavyweight champion, against Wilt Chamberlain, who never has had a professional fight and has had precious little amateur experience, was at best ludicrous.

The Floyd Patterson-Pete Rademacher championship fight of 1957 was all but laughed out of the ring, but Rademacher was at least an Olympic champion and did in fact knock Patterson down, thereby establishing that he had some slight measure of competence.

It has been suggested that Chamberlain's part in the aborted affair may be forgivable on the dubious ground that he didn't fully realize what he was doing. Or did he? A few years ago he led Cus D'Amato, Patterson's manager, to believe that he was serious about abandoning basketball for a boxing career. But as soon as a more favorable basketball contract was waved at him he abandoned the idea instantly.

The announced reason for dropping the fight—that Chamberlain wanted a tax-free guarantee of \$500,000 and that details of such a deal could not be worked out in an hour or so—has a specious ring. It is just possible that Jack Kent Cooke, owner of the Los Angeles Lakers, forestalled the event by coming up with more money for Chamberlain.

As for Ali, he has less of an excuse. Proelighting has been good to him. He has no right to drag it down to the level of professional wrestling. He most certainly does not stand in dire need of money. What he does need is a couple of good, stiff fights against experienced, competent opponents before he again goes up against Joe Frazier.

WILT COULD GET KILT

The happily founded Ali-Chamberlain match brought to mind an incident in the career of Paul Anderson, the 1956 Olympic heavyweight weight-lifting champion billed as “the world's strongest man.” On a rig devised especially for him he could hoist 22 men simultaneously. When Anderson then took up professional wrestling he did good business.

So Paul, a big, friendly boy from Teecoc, Ga., decided he would seek the world's heavyweight boxing title. A

Charlotte, N.C. promoter signed an obscure opponent from New York. Since Paul was bringing in so much money wrestling, it was decided to give him a bit of an edge in his first bout. The visiting pug was wined, dined and provided with female companionship right up to the time of the fight. The feeling was that by the time he climbed into the ring he wouldn't be able to bend a string of boiled spaghetti.

But before the first round was over, the 300-pound Anderson was stumbling about like a drunken water buffalo. He would swing—and the boxer would easily step aside. The boxer would throw an indifferent left hook, and Anderson would catch it flush on the jaw.

After three rounds Anderson signaled that he had had enough. The world's strongest man was no match for a mediocre, overfed, overboozed and oversexed boxer.

THE CURSE OF DRINK

There are dirty players in every sport, of course, but a rather special kind of mucker has turned up in Issaquah, Wash. He was exposed the other day in a letter to *The Seattle Post-Intelligencer*.

One W. M., an Issaquah resident,



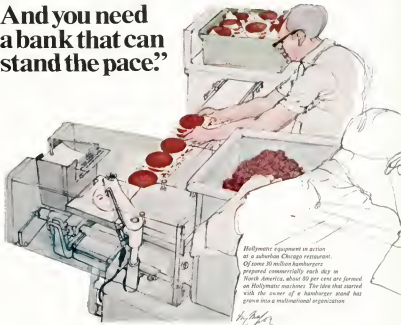
wrote in that after he purchased a hummingbird feeder, his neighbor, a highly competitive type, got one, too. “But,” complained W. M., “he completely ignored the prescribed diet for hummingbirds (printed on the package) where it says, ‘One teaspoon of the sweet mixture for each cup of water.’ Instead, he puts in TWO teaspoons.”

“We know this is wrong. The Au-

continued

"To outdistance our competition, you have to out-innovate them.

And you need a bank that can stand the pace."



Hollymatic equipment in action at a suburban Chicago restaurant. Of some 10 million hamburgers prepared commercially each day in North America, about 50 per cent are formed on Hollymatic machines. The idea that started with the owner of a hamburger stand has grown into a multinational organization.

Harry H. Holly

"In our business, success depends on innovation and growth. We simply cannot stand still.

"For us, the invention of the Hollymatic hamburger patty-maker was just a start. We've pre-empted our competition by following up with more than 20 improvement patents. And we've diversified into other lines of food processing equipment.

"The men at Continental Bank understand how to keep moving with us.

"Besides advancing working capital, they were able to finance our present plant and are helping with our planned expansion.

"They guided us in our initial public stock offering.

"They financed our Canadian venture, and provided introductions overseas when we set up our operation in Switzerland.

"In addition, Continental's correspondent banks have financed our dealers in many parts of the country.

"And best of all: Our sales have tripled since we started with Continental in 1961."

The speaker: Harry H. Holly, founder and president, Hollymatic Corporation, Park Forest, Ill.

When your company is ready to make a move up, call a bank that knows the importance of speed and timing. Start with Continental's Donald Buer, Vice President, at 828-8184.



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You won't believe



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It's bigger than most living rooms, has soft cushiony seats all around, in the middle is a stand-up bar...and not only is it on an airplane, but it's in coach.

The American Airlines Coach Lounge.

Take a walk to it, through it, around it. Stretch your legs. Relax.

It's a place where you can mingle, make new

friends, have a snack, have some fun. Whatever.

You can even give yourself a going-away party while you're going away. By far, it's the most wonderful thing ever to happen to a coach passenger.

But this new standard of comfort doesn't stop with our lounge. You'll notice it everywhere, from nose to tail.

On our new 747 LuxuryLiner.

you're on an airplane.



New Coach Lounge.

In coach, for instance, we've taken out rows of seats and rearranged the layout so each passenger gets extra legroom.

In first class, you can reserve a table for four. Dine with friends as you would in a restaurant. Play cards. Hold a business meeting. And upstairs is our redecorated first class lounge. A plush intimate spot where you can pour your own champagne and liqueurs after dinner.

And on transcontinental flights, our new Flagship Service features delicious Polynesian food served by our stewardesses in their pretty new outfits.

If this sounds like a plane of the future, it isn't. Most of our 747s already have all these comforts, including the Coach Lounge.

By May 2, every one will be a LuxuryLiner. So call us or your Travel Agent.

American Airlines New 747 LuxuryLiner.

The plane with no competition.



a sense of wonder

It's your first, fresh impression. Your ability to see spontaneously, and to delight in the seeing. It's a sense of wonder.

Artists kept this sense. That's why they are artists.


In the striving and the earning, the commuting and the rushing, you may have forgotten how to really see. Forgotten the simple joy of looking at beauty, and perhaps preserving it.

But you can recapture this sense of wonder. Through photography. The most significant camera for such purposes is the Nikon F. As 35mm photography has become the favorite tool of professional photographers, so too has the Nikon become their favorite camera.

So if you would recapture your own sense of wonder, choose the camera that lets you express yourself more easily and with greater freedom than any other. It will never stand between you and the artist in you.



The Nikon F offers the most complete system in 35mm photography. A system that includes 35 lenses ranging from fisheyes to a 2000mm telephoto lens. A system that lets you add meter drive, Polaroid back and dozens of other accessories. The Nikon F also offers you a meter system, that because of its "center weighted principle," assures you of correct readings even under extreme light conditions.

See the Nikon F at your dealer, or write: Nikon, Inc., Garden City, N.Y. 11530. A subsidiary of Ehrenkrantz Photo-Optical Industries, Inc. 



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CAPRI 
LINCOLN-MERCUARY DIVISION

Capri Sport Coupe

Guess who beat out Porsche, Mercedes, Jaguar, Aston Martin and Ferrari as "Import Car of the Year."

Road Test could have picked any import from the tiniest two-seater to the Rolls. Why Capri?

We quote: "When quality, quality control, appearance, luxury of trim, utility, handling and performance are all evaluated as a package at a given price, Capri shows as the winner."

They loved Capri's "international styling." "Outstanding handling." "Fine and sensitive rack-and-pinion steering."

They raved about Capri's 4-speed "silky-smooth floor shift." And power-assisted disc brakes up front.

And Road Test appreciates a little luxury. Like front buckets of soft vinyl "that looks and feels like leather." And an "attractively turned-out dash" in wood-grain effect.

Full carpeting. Styled steel wheels. Radial tires. Flow-thru ventilation. Room for four adults. Easy maintenance. And small-car gas economy.

But what they really couldn't get over was the price. Because every single thing above is standard. No extra charge.

Options? There's a gutsy new 2000cc, 100hp overhead cam four. For about \$50 extra, retail price.

Other options for Lincoln-Mercury's Capri: Automatic transmission. Sun roof. Vinyl top. Decor group interior shown.

(You can choose overseas delivery, too. Ask your dealer for details.)

Road Test calls Capri "import of the year." We call it sexy. And that's pretty great for under \$2400.

Capri. The first sexy European under \$2400.

Based on mfr's suggested retail price. Does not include destination charges, dealer preparation, state & local taxes, options. Decor group shown is \$119.20 extra.

Imported for Lincoln-Mercury.

SCORECARD continued

dubon Society says that such a loaded mixture is bad for the little birds' livers. But does he care?

"As a result, HIS feeder attracts the hummingbirds while MINE looks like the Boeing Developmental Center after the SST decision. The fact is, the birds stop off at his place and get snickered before they show up at my place—where they don't even want to eat."

"This is unfair. And I intend to start action. Either he cuts down on the sugar content of his feeder or, so help me, I will surreptitiously spike his feeder with vinegar."

AMOUR FINDS A WAY

An international love match with unique significance to the world of trotting horses came to its logical conclusion last week when the French mare Roquépine was delivered of a brown colt sired by the American stallion Star's Pride at the Hanover Shoe Farms in Pennsylvania. When she retired in 1969 Roquépine was the world alltime money-winner and the best racing trotter in history. She had won Europe's Prix d'Amérique three successive times and Roosevelt's International twice. Star's Pride has been America's premier stallion for more than a decade; seven of his progeny have won the Hambletonian.

The matchmakers had to use all their diplomatic skills to effect the mating of this pair, since the French do not look with favor on the exportation of even second-rate breeding stock, let alone a mare of Roquépine's caliber.

The brown foal, who presumably carries his sire's immense capacity for speed and his dam's superb manners and stamina, will go on the auction block at the Harrisburg Sales in November 1972. Bidding undoubtedly will start at \$100,000 and may end at twice that figure. So save up.

GANG AGLEY AGAIN

One of the most interesting stories to pop up now that the football season—well, the spring football season—is with us again concerns two old friends, Michigan's Bo Schembechler and Notre Dame's Ara Parseghian.

Sometime early last November, when both had teams rated in the top five, one of their frequent phone conversations went something like:

Bo: "You're lucky, Ara. You can go to a bowl game, and I have to sit home."

continued

Try it. It won't bite.



How can it? Sail is made in Holland by blending 14 of the gentlest pipe tobaccos on earth. For extra coolness it's long-cut to burn lazily. Sail comes four ways—natural to fully aromatic. One is perfect for your taste. So take the bit in your teeth and Sail.

Made in Holland by Theodorus Niemeijer Holland's leading tobacco blender since 1809.
Available in handy pouches and larger size export tins.

SCORECARD *continued*

Ara: "Well, Bo, I'd rather play you than go to any bowl."

Bo: "O K, let's play."

Soon after, Father Edmund Joyce, Notre Dame's chief financial officer, and Don Canham, Michigan's athletic director, agreed on the plans.

After Michigan beat Ohio State, Schenbeckler would ask the NCAA and the Big Ten for permission to play an 11th game, claim to be the nation's best team and challenge Notre Dame.

After Notre Dame beat Southern Cal in its last game the next week, Parsenheim would say the Irish were No. 1 and accept Michigan's challenge.

The game would then be played on Dec. 11 in Michigan's 101,001-seat stadium, with tickets costing \$10 each, thus creating college football's first million-dollar gate.

One trouble, though, Ohio State beat Michigan 20-9 and Southern Cal beat Notre Dame 38-28.

OIL IN THE ROUGH

What may be the world's richest golf tournament was played last week in Natchez, Miss., known mainly for antebellum homes and steamboat paddle-wheelers.

It's rich, but there is no prize money. The Confederate Oil Golf Tournament, 17 years old, is an invitational affair, and you are not invited unless you are involved in producing oil. Hardly a player is not, or has not been, or is not on the way to being a millionaire. Players are wildcaters, drillers, lease sellers and such. Some 1,000 oilmen attended the tournament this year, about 400 to play golf, the rest to eat boiled crayfish, drink beer and turn a few cards.

This year's winner? That well-known golfer, Newton Burnett, who carded a 152 for 36 holes.

THEY SAID IT

• Joe Frazer, a recent guest at the White House, when asked about his wife's desire for him to quit fighting: "All wives are like that; quit being a fighter, quit being President, or something like that."

• George Blanda, Oakland Raiders 43-year-old quarterback: "I have to keep playing so people over 40 will have somebody to root for on Sunday afternoon."

• Eddie Mathews, now a batting instructor for the Atlanta Braves, on how you help Henry Aaron: "By staying away from him."

END

Singin' in the rain.

Or heat. Or cold. Those are some of the things the TFM-8100W was made for. Because it's rubber sealed to resist moisture. It can even be knocked down by the wind. Because the heavy-duty, special plastic cabinet is unbreakable.

What's more, this 3-band (FM/AM/VHF weather, 162.55 mc) portable has the newly developed Sony Light Emitting Diode. It's an indicator, right in the tuning needle, that helps you tune the radio by brightening to red when a sta-

tion is properly tuned.

There's a collapsible antenna. A shoulder strap. And a fine, rich sound (but that's nothing new for us).

So next time you plan to spend a lot of time outdoors, take the Sony all-weather portable along. And you'd better take a raincoat, just in case.

Nothing will happen to the radio. But we wouldn't want you to catch cold.

The SONY All-Weather Radio.



OUR JACK IN FIELDS OF GOLD

by DAN JENKINS

There were saunas, swimming pools, sumptuous parties, pretty girls—and Jack Nicklaus, who methodically routed the field and won \$33,000 at the Tournament of Champions

The hills around the make-believe valley of Rancho La Costa, Calif. have been scraped slick and turned the color of shingles, making everything look as though a great civilization had once thrived in those parts until the killer ants, or the moneylenders, came along to prepare for the planting of that favorite California flower, the condominium. Down in the valley, near the golf course and the fake waterfall, see plant and mustard blossoms flash pink and yellow, bouncing their colors off the deep summs of mysterious millionaires and giddy, repented ladies who like to dance to the old tunes.

This is La Costa Resort-Hotel, Spa and Country Club, all of it about 40 minutes from San Diego, the nearest liberty port, and a thousand light-years from reality. It is where golf comes every year to get a rushdown, and last week it was where Jack Nicklaus amazed himself by winning a championship he had not planned to play in on a tough course that buried everyone else in the rough—or the vodka and papaya juice. Nicklaus not only won the Tournament of Champions with ridiculous ease—his nine-under-par 279 gave him a scintillating eight-stroke margin over the three pros who tied for second place—he won it with what he thought was sloppy, absentminded golf. And that says something about his dominance of the sport, or about the casual atmosphere this tournament evokes in a place far removed from the wonderful world of war, poverty, politics and small-business loans.

Nicklaus had been pretty depressed after barely losing the Masters and seeing his dreams of a Grand Slam erased as quickly as one could say Charles Coody. He felt he did not want to play another tournament until the next big one, the U.S. Open in June. He did not look at a club for several days, and then whipped around only nine holes with his two young sons about a week after Augusta.

"It always takes you two weeks to get over the Masters," he said. "Whether you win it or lose it, there is an emotional letdown and your game sort of collapses, or you feel that it does."

It was Barbara Nicklaus who woke him up. "She pointed out that playing the tour was my profession, and she said I ought to play in the Tournament of Champions, which is kind of special. Get back on the tour, is what she was saying. Go play golf, she said, and stop brooding."

Nicklaus, thus ordered from his home, arrived at La Costa, where the 19-year-old T of C landed in 1969 after Ben and Hughes placekicked it out of Las Vegas, not really knowing or caring. Jack said, how he might perform. One always likes to pretend that he wants to win any tournament, but there are a number of weeks during the year when the competitor's heart just isn't in it. Most pros admit this.

Two or three things might tend to make the players feel less than ferocious about their efforts in the T of C. They are guaranteed \$2,000 wherever they fin-

ish, and La Costa picks up the basic expenses all week for their families. The tournament is the fifth California event of the 1971 tour, and inevitably it has a sameness about it. After all, the pros had been out near San Diego for the Andy Williams tournament in January, and many of them had stayed at La Costa then. It was almost hypnotic.

"A good opening round can jar you awake," Jack pointed out, "but if you start off in a mood like this and nothing happens, you can play through a whole tournament without knowing you're in it."

Nicklaus almost did as much during the first three rounds of the Tournament of Champions. He went out on Thursday to see where the ball would go when he hit it. Nothing more. He shot a three-under 69 and wound up tied for the lead with Miller Barber. On Friday, which was another magnificently clear and refreshing day, very suitable to the plushness of La Costa, Nicklaus simply tried to avoid the deep rough that had been grown to toughen and lighten the course. He shot 71 and remained tied for the lead with Barber. He said he was still not playing very well and was not up at all. He was driving too often into the rough and having to strong-arm his way out.

This was the case again on Saturday

continued

Nicklaus opened up a five-stroke lead almost without realizing it, but the other pros got in a few shots of their own at fleshy La Costa.





when he shot another 69 in a gusty wind and ran off from the other 35 tournament winners in the field. Indeed, he took a five-stroke lead, but did not find that he had until after he finished his round. After all, winning meant a mere \$33,000, and at La Costa that's only tip money. It was a strictly ho-hum day.

"I was just playing each hole as it came," Nicklaus said. "If someone had told me on the 18th tee that I had a five-shot lead, I'd have thought they were joking." Thus, the Tournament of Champions had quietly ended—except for the ritual of a final round on Sunday—and the winner had not even realized it.

Nicklaus has had tremendous success in West Coast tournaments and on desert-type courses. He won the Tournament of Champions twice when it was at Las Vegas, he won the Sahara at Las Vegas four times, he has won at Palm Springs and he has won at Pebble Beach. Was there a mysterious advantage involved? "Well, I prefer Bermuda fairways and fast, bent greens," Jack said, searching for some answer. "That's what I grew up on. California, or a desert course, doesn't look like Ohio, but some of the playing conditions are the same."

His big advantage at La Costa was the rough. He could drive into the rough and still reach the greens, which was beyond the power of most of the others. The reason had to do with more than just his strength. He has an upright swing, upright as opposed to, say, Arnold Palmer's swing, which is flat. Nicklaus therefore does not have to swing the club head through as much grass as the others, and this, combined with his natural strength, gets him out of high rough faster than the opposition. He can use a six-iron, for example, where another competitor with the same lie might have to take a wedge and gouge the ball out to the fairway.

There was quite a bit of gouging at La Costa. Scores were the highest of the year, soaring all the way up to the 317s that were posted by Bruce Crampton and Bill Garrett. There were more than 25 rounds of 77 or higher, and only six players broke 290. La Costa's

scores looked something like the U.S. Open of 1927.

Perhaps because of the course itself, the tournament seems to have trouble staging a close finish. Two years ago Gary Player won by four strokes, and last year Frank Beard galloped away by seven. This has created a few problems for television coverage, among other things. By the time the telecast went on the air last Sunday Nicklaus had a seven-stroke lead on everybody from Bruce Devlin to Chris Schenkel. Someone suggested the answer for ABC would have been to stretch out the Trenton 200 automobile race, which preceded the T of C telecast, to the Trenton 500. But things might have been worse. This could have been the 1955 T of C at Las Vegas, which Gene Littler won by 13 strokes while the rest of the field discovered blackjack and the Parisian floor shows.

But it was O.K. for the tournament to be over early. La Costa's guests could then turn their full attention to the other pleasures the place offers—tennis, riding, weight losing, dancing, drinking, gossip, celebrity watching, trying to guess which guys might be Clyde and which girls might be Bonnie.

La Costa, ever since it sprang out of the land near Del Mar with overnight swiftness, has had an identity with Las Vegas. The main buildings—the hotel and the country club—resemble those hotel-casinos on the Strip. From the outside, La Costa looks like a Marriott Inn that kept growing, while inside it is a Southern California version of heaven—woody, plush and cushioned.

The reason for the Vegas identity is clear enough. The men who put La Costa together made part of their fortunes there. Alphabetically, they are Merv Adelson, Irwin Molaiky and Allard Roen. They were the ones who stood on the hills and saw that the valley could be bulldozed and a golf course built. They envisioned the spa with the Swiss showers. They sensed the houses and condominiums settling on the 5,000 acres like fallout from a suburban blast in Orange County. They saw the 17 tennis courts that might make La Costa the West Coast Forest Hills. They saw stables and trails for 50 horses, health food, medical care 24 hours a day, lodges that all the Sandy Koufaxes and Robert Youngs would want to own, the whole thing a glittering alternative to Palm

Springs or Las Vegas for the wealthy, smog-choked Los Angeles resident.

Roen was one of the men who sold the Desert Inn to Howard Hughes, although the momentous sale did not include the rights to the Tournament of Champions, which Hughes did not want anyhow. It is said that Hughes was opposed to having the event at the Desert Inn, where it had originated, because he did not want a lot of people milling around looking up at his suite. Whatever the reason, the tournament left the Desert Inn and then Las Vegas. The PGA was delighted, because it had never really liked the idea of so much betting going on in connection with one of its tournaments. Legal betting.

Even so, the T of C cannot shed its old reputation. The La Costa crowd is from Vegas, and it is no secret that there is other Vegas money in the spa. And Teamster money, too, probably, which should not matter to anyone since there is probably Teamster money circling the moon, in the Vatican and on the monuments in center field at Yankee Stadium. Last week when a newspaper ran another of those stories trying to connect the place with elements of the underworld, about all that happened at La Costa was that everybody yawned. A few of the players came out of the spa and the bar and expressed their irritation with the story, knowing Merv and Allard and the boys to be good, honest fellows, fun to be with. And guys who run a good store, as they say.

La Costa stood firm on its plushness and comfort and its newer reputation: the place where Ford introduced the Pinto, where American Motors introduced the Gremlin, where CBS introduced its fall TV promotion campaign, where all sorts of conventions are held, for theater owners, racetrack operators, glassware people and various other giants of industry. It stood on its spa, which guarantees a weight loss and creates diet cocktails. It stood on its Bob Hopes and Carol Burnetts, identifying La Costa with America. So there.

If La Costa survived last week with laughter and dancing, so did the game of golf, even though it had to admit that Jack Nicklaus could win a tournament without knowing. And so, as the condominiums climbed slowly in the West and the sun turned into a corned-beef patty for breakfast, the PGA tour moved on from its annual week of rest and relaxation.

END

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SHELDON LORC

The La Costa scene: Romero Blencoe and Tony Jacklin's own practice putting, girls at pool ignore a laboring pro and the PGA's Wade Cagle and Frank Beard stroll sit.

A RIOT ACT CHANGES THE SCENE

After Oakland Manager Dick Williams blistered his A's on a bus, they drove to the top, running over the California Angels and shaking up the nervous Twins as baseball's dulltest division came to life **by WILLIAM LEGGETT**

As it was supposed to be was a short bus trip for the Oakland Athletics from Mitchell Field on the outskirts of Milwaukee to the Pfister Hotel downtown, but it ended up as quite a ride. The A's had opened the season like a gang of busters, total busters that is, nobodies going no place. They seemed resigned to spending their season fumbling ground balls, striking out with runners in scoring position and feeling terribly sorry for themselves because some pitching arms had been injured.

Coming from a team that was supposed to be filled with promise, the alibis were almost as upsetting to Oakland fans as the A's being shut out on opening day in Washington, the first such Senator win since 1962, and the improbable loss of their own home opener, or openers, namely a doubleheader with the Chicago White Sox. The year before, the Sox had played 21 doubleheaders and swept exactly one of them. So bad were things in Oakland-Alameda County Coliseum that Harvey, the annoying mechanical rabbit that faithfully dispensed balls from his subterranean lair behind home plate, expired. He was laid to rest beneath the stands with lilies spread on his chest.

Four days later the Athletics flew into Milwaukee with a 2-4 record and a wise guy aboard the plane who thought it would be fun to take a battery-operated megaphone off the plane with him. That did it. Before the bus moved, Dick Williams, the team's 11th manager since Charles O. Finley became its owner in 1960, stood up in the front of the vehicle, stuck his hands into his raincoat pocket and delivered to his troops a sermon the likes of which only Dick Williams can deliver. "Gentlemen," he said, although he did not use precisely that word, "some of you think you can be useful. Well, I want to know that any of you. I've been mild up to now. There will be no booze served on our

trip. And if any of you want to phone Charlie, I have three numbers where he can be reached."

The megaphone magically returned to its rightful spot, the team rode off in a blaze of silence and by the end of last week the Oakland Athletics had won 12 of 13 post-blast games. In the process they rose to the top of the American League West and defeated the division's only other real challengers, California's Angels and Minnesota's Twins, five games to none. By Sunday, Oakland had won as many times as the San Francisco Giants, and, like their cross-bridge counterparts, had a handsome lead.

The winning A's were displaying some varied talents, such as: the hottest young pitcher in baseball, 21-year-old Vida (The Blue Blazer) Blue with a record of 4-1 and 40 strikeouts in 34½ innings; the most impressive young catcher in the American League, Dave Duncan (see cover), the league's second best home-run hitter, Sal Bando with five; Reggie Jackson and Dick Green delivering big hits; and, best and most surprising of all, a pitching staff that had run off 10 complete games. Not bad for a bunch of guys with sore arms. The Twins, with only four complete games, and the Angels with two, could use a few Oakland-type sore arms.

"You can hardly judge a season-long pennant race at this point," says Williams, "but we hope that we will be quite a few games out in front of it at the close. The Angels have a real good ball club, everyone knows that. It could be a close race, but I hope not. The Twins are going to be better than they've shown. That is their history."

Minnesota's history, in fact, is the history of the American League West. The Twins have won the division's only two pennants, both times by nine games.

more competition in the West. Already this year each of the six teams has been in first place, and Minnesota's shaky start is not the only reason.

There are some who believe that the Twins stood too pat during the off season while both the Athletics and California Angels strengthened themselves. Such points are always debatable. When a team suddenly loses three potential starting pitchers, there is no doubt in anybody's mind that it would have been better off acquiring more starting pitchers. But who expects to lose—all in the spring—former 20-game winners Luis Tiant and Dave Boswell and a fine youngster, Bill Zepp. Tiant and Boswell developed real sore arms and were released, and Zepp decided that he would not play anywhere except in Detroit, so Minnesota was forced to trade him to the Tigers.

Oakland's biggest move was getting Dick Williams. According to Duncan, "He instills confidence in you. That's why I think we are 75% better than last year. It's a great feeling. Everyone on the team knows we have it and we're all putting out."

Before all that putting-out began, the team noted most often as Minnesota's likeliest successor was California, the most changed club in the division if not in all baseball. Of the nine players in the Angels' opening-day lineup in 1969 only one, Jim Fregoso (see cover), remains. The Angels now have a colorful club that has pitched well (ERA 2.96) but has batted abominably (.207). "Our hitting hasn't got here yet," says Manager Lefty Phillips, "but it will arrive. Even without it, we won seven games in a row on the road. When you win like that without hitting it is a sign of a good ball club. The bats will come around eventually. We've got them, I

that you stay in your rooms the entire

is all done with now. Definitely there is

nings, "will be close all year. No one is



Reggie Jackson, a locker room teller of tales, winds up a big one pitching ace Vida Blue, newspaper reader Sal Bando, catcher but not all of the crowd (left to right: injured Blue Moon Odom, Dave Duncan, Joe Rudi, Rolfe Fingers) pay attention to his pitch

going to run away with it. We have fine spirit, the best in all my years here. We all think we can win it. Sure, we have to go out and do it."

The average age of the Angel team is 26, and the man who assembled it, 45-year-old General Manager Dick Walsh, will come out either charmer or curt curmudgeon (take your pick, everybody else does) no matter how the season goes. Walsh, who has been called, among other things, The Smiling Python, used to be with the Los Angeles Dodgers. As their director of stadium operations, he helped make Dodger Stadium one of the finest, cleanest and best-run arenas in the world. In 1966 he became commissioner of the United Soccer Association, but returned to baseball when Owners Bob Reynolds and Gene Autry offered him the general managership of the Angels two years ago.

"When I was general manager of the Dodgers," says Buzzie Bavasa. "I used to let Dick negotiate some of our player contracts and he was involved in some of the discussions we had about trades. He learned baseball from the ground up in the Dodger farm system and was

very good on details. He is a stable, honest man and he has made some good trades for the Angels. I wrote him last season to tell him I thought he and Lefty Phillips had done the best job in baseball. If Dick ever made a mistake when he was working for the Dodgers, it was this: he would say the thing everybody knew was correct, but that nobody wanted to hear."

By adding Ken Berry, Tony Conigliaro and Catcher Jerry Moses to the Angels over the winter, Walsh has yielded a team with only one front-line player, other than pitchers, who was developed in the California farm system. (Seven of Oakland's regulars are homegrown, as are five of the Twins'.)

But for all the newness at Anaheim, the freshest development in the West is Oakland's lefthander, Vida Blue. Called up late last season, Blue hit a home run in his first start, pitched a one-hitter in his second and a no-hitter against Minnesota in his fourth. Blue, who is from Mansfield, La., is a baseball rarity, a pitcher who has taken the time to learn to switch-hit, a talent that will keep him in games when other pitchers are being

lifted for pinch hitters. He is also cool. Following a postgame television show last week he was congratulated on how well he had performed before the cameras. "Well, I'm not Sidney Poitier yet," he said. One thing he just might be, although it is absurdly early to make such predictions, is something of a black Koufax. Like Sandy Koufax, he strikes out lots of batters when he pops his fastball.

According to the observant Bando, "Vida has unlimited potential. He's the best lefthander in the league right now outside of Sam McDowell. He can throw the ball past good hitters. And he has a good curveball that he should throw more often. And he has an excellent attitude. He listens!"

Oakland's quick break from the gate has stirred interest throughout the American League. And the new, new California Angels, who won over Baltimore on Saturday night with a grand-slam homer by Roger Repoz, are drawing pleasantly large crowds to Anaheim. Now only Oakland fans have to be convinced. Maybe Dick Williams should talk to them. He gets action. **END**

ICY LOVE-IN FOR VIC, JEAN AND ROD

Hoping for any kind of winner, New York was blowing kisses to the hot line of the Rangers in a tight hockey series by MARK MULVOY

Suddenly everyone in New York loved the Rangers. Shickled-up admen on Madison Avenue talked as if they had invented the game of hockey, just as they did when they discovered football and basketball. Country-clubbers up in Westchester County dropped Rod Gilbert's name more often than Marjha Mitchell's. Commuters on the Long Island Railroad accidentally tripped conductors with the hockey sticks they were taking home to their children. "Think New York doesn't like a winner?" said Bob Nevin, the captain of the team.

Fun City's love-in with the Rangers started last week, moments after the

Knicks were eliminated from the basketball playoffs by the Baltimore Bullets. "We were the only ones left," Nevin said. "The people had to be with us." And so they were. When the Rangers skated onto the ice at Madison Square Garden last Thursday night for the third game of their semifinal Stanley Cup series with the Chicago Black Hawks, the crowd reacted as though Willis Reed had just dunked Lew Alcindor through the basket. Even Nevin, who is not popular in New York because he is an artistic player rather than a brawler, received an ovation. "I know at least six people cheered for me," he said later,

"because I left six tickets for them."

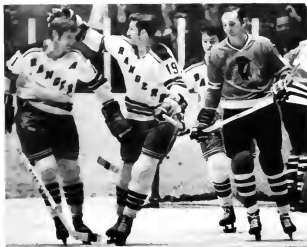
But the loudest cheers were reserved for the line of Vic Hadfield, Jean Ratelle and Gilbert. Hadfield was showered with more than 50 hats that night after he scored the three-goal hat trick to lead the aroused Rangers past the Hawks 4-1. Gilbert got the other goal and Ratelle assisted on all four as New York took a 2-1 lead in the series. Never mind that Bobby Hull and Stan Mikita, hockey's forgotten superstars, crashed the love-in on Sunday afternoon as they powered the Hawks to a 7-1 victory and a 2-2 tie in the series; New York had not enjoyed an ice caper so much since 1964 when one Murph the Surf heisted the Star of India from the Museum of Natural History. After all, it was the first time in 21 years that New York had advanced beyond the opening round of the Stanley Cup, and there were optimists in town who could visualize not only the defeat of Chicago but Montreal, too, and possession of the cup itself, a trinket New York has not fondled since 1940.

Not that it would be easy. Chicago, too, has been cupless for awhile—since 1961—and Bobby and Stan were looking for their due. Both have been stripped of their electrifying individual styles by the Black Hawk management, which prefers two-way hockey to the star system. Now Hull simply skates his wing, up and down, and up and down, and rarely makes those rink-long dashes that so excite a crowd.

"I suppose that if I wanted to persist and play my old game I could, but I owe something to the other players," he says. "This way the load is spread around. And in a way it's easier for me. Right now I figure the most important thing in any game is not to have any goals scored against my line."

Mikita, meanwhile, plays despite severe muscular problems in his lower back. Against the Rangers he has been used in every important faceoff, most of which he has won. He has been on the power play and killed penalties in addition to centering his regular line for Dennis Hull and Cliff Koroll. And he is determined to be a pain to the Rangers and their new true loves.

Win or lose, the Rangers have to court their blessings. For Hadfield, Ratelle and Gilbert, an opening sudden-death victory in Chicago plus the one at home were rare and beautiful experiences. "We were



Hadfield, at left, gets a pat from Ratelle in thanks for a goal as Gilbert smiles behind a Hawk

ready this year," Hadfield said. "In other years we always had to close fast during the regular season to get a good position in the playoffs. That stretch drive seemed to sap us, and when the playoffs came we all had a letdown. But this year we knew we couldn't catch Boston for first place and we knew that Montreal couldn't catch us for second. So the last three weeks of the season we just prepared for the cup. We didn't have a day off, not even one."

Hadfield, Ratelle and Gilbert have formed New York's No. 1 line for more than five years. In previous playoffs the Rangers depended too heavily on them for goals, and when they did not produce in quantity, due to close-checking by rivals who knew that if they stopped them they would stop New York, the Rangers invariably lost. "There was great pressure on us," said Gilbert. "If we didn't do it, we would let the whole team down. Now it is different, and it is better for us." What is different is the fact that New York now skates three strong lines, each of which can help with the attack, if not exactly carry it. "To beat us you must stop all the lines, not just one," Gilbert says. Relieved of this

score-or-else burden, the Hadfield-Ratelle-Gilbert line can play more relaxed hockey.

Hadfield is the Rangers' official team prankster, while Ratelle is considered the strong, silent type and Gilbert is something of a boulevardier on Manhattan's East Side. Before a recent cup game Hadfield eased the tension in the Rangers' dressing room by employing Coach Emile Francis as a victim.

"When he is about to start his pre-game speech Emile walks around and picks up scraps of tape and puts them in the garbage can," Hadfield explains. "All I did was stick string to a piece of tape." When Francis reached down for the tape, Hadfield yanked the string. Francis almost did a full face-down onto the floor. "We were all tight that night," Hadfield said, "and Emile appreciated the gag, I'm sure."

Until this season Hadfield was better known for his pranks than his hockey accomplishments. Big as players go—6', 185 pounds—he used a stick with a severe curve. He would get the puck at center ice, skate a few strides and then wind up for a slap shot. The puck, naturally, would take off like a Jack Nick-

laus nine-iron shot. Occasionally Hadfield would hit the net, but more often his shot would land in the stands. "The curved stick made me shoot more than I should have," Hadfield said. "Basically, my game is in the corners. I've got to be aggressive in the corners and get the puck out to Jean and Rod. But with the curved stick I became a shooter instead."

Hadfield now has abandoned the hooked blade for a nearly straight one. "I've discovered, rather late in life, unfortunately, that there is more to hockey than shooting," he says.

Unlike Hadfield, Jean Ratelle rarely says much about anything, but he is outspoken and indignant when people suggest that the Rangers have choked at cup time because they have lost in the first round four straight years. "When you put the facts down—the injuries and all that—it does not come down to choking," he says. "Writers say we choked because they don't have anything else to write about."

While Hadfield and Ratelle live the quiet family life in the Rangers' commune in Long Beach, a suburb on Long Island, Gilbert, a bachelor, contributes to the pulse of the swinging East Side and always sports Pierre Cardin's latest creation—it was a canvas suit last week. For years it was hoped that Gilbert would be the savior of the Rangers, the team's Y. A. Tittle or Joe Namath or Willis Reed, but the burden proved too heavy for him. "When you are a last-place club, like we were, you'd better talk about someone," says Emile Francis. "So we talked about Rod."

As Gilbert remembers: "There was great pressure. I was tabbed too high. I'm not an Orr or a Hull or a Howe. I'm not strong enough. I kept asking people to accept me for what I am, but they wouldn't do it. They wanted the superstar."

Gilbert never became the superstar, but this year was a good one for him. "I scored 30 goals—my best ever," he says, "and I worked my wing well. That's all I wanted to do in the first place. Sure, I read the clippings and had some odd thoughts that I could score 40 or 45 goals. But I was never really made for that. Besides, I know Francis. He won't let you go wild. He loves to win."

Sure. Just like New York loves winners. But then maybe Chicago loves winners, too.

END



Brad Park applies New York muscle to Lou Angotti as officials tries to stay out of harm's way.

OBVIOUSLY IT'S A LEFTIST PLOT

The recent spectacular success of southpaw bowlers has the ABC scratching its head, the PBA considering a quota system and the game's beleaguered righthanders talking to themselves **by KIM CHAPIN**



CRITIC BILL TAYLOR SHOWS THE CORE OF NEW AND OLD-STYLE BOWLING PINS

Last month in the Firestone Tournament of Champions, the showcase event of the Professional Bowlers Association \$1 million winter tour, 10 left-handers were entered in the invitational field of 48. When the entry list was halved at the end of 24 qualifying games, nine of the 10 left-handers remained; when the field was further cut to five for the nationally televised finals, four of the survivors were southpaws. The winner was Johnny Petraglia, a skinny, 24-year-old lefty from Brooklyn, N.Y., who, with about 20 tour events to go in 1971, is within \$222 of breaking the PBA one-year money record. Overall, the 10 lefties at Akron took home over 45% of the \$100,000 prize money.

Although it was just one event, the Tournament of Champions typified an emerging problem for the PBA, and indeed for bowling at every level: a surge of success among left-handed bowlers far out of proportion to their numbers. Through innocent error, miscalculation and perhaps even design, bowling stands in peril of becoming a sport that caters to 10% of the population. Equally disturbing is the fact that the rulemakers, the conservative and ossified bowling hierarchy of the American Bowling Congress, as well as the PBA, don't know for sure what to do about it.

Until the 1970 winter tour, left-handed domination was never considered much of a problem. Southpaws made up 13% of an average PBA field and scored and made money accordingly. On the 13-event swing in 1969, for example, lefties placed in the 16- or 24-man finals 13% of the time and in the five-man television finals 12% of the time. But in 1970 those figures jumped to 25% and 32%, respectively, and this year they are up to 29% and 34%. On the overall money lists the southpaws also fared proportionately until last year, when they took six of the top 12 spots. So far in 1971 the figure is six of the top 16, and they have won nearly 30% of the dough.

The height of absurdity was reached in San Jose, Calif., in early February, when the entire 16-man finals was composed of left-handers. Nor is the problem limited to the men. On the 1970 ladies' PWBA tour, seven of the nine finalists were left-handed, as were the last four women bowlers of the year and the last three top money-winners.

Clearly, something drastic has happened. The otherwise well-ordered world of pro bowling is in turmoil over it, and the trend has provided fodder for press conferences, barroom hull sessions and locker-room complaints among bowlers themselves. There are indications that the amateur game also has been affected. Whatever it is that has caused the left-handed surge is probably behind the higher scores recorded of late by many relative duffers. The import is not lost on the multimillion-dollar bowling industry, which can hardly be expected to continue its growth of recent years if the sport penalizes an overwhelming majority—the 90%—who are right-handed.

Eddie Elias, the founder of the PBA, sees a credibility gap opening. "The PBA

is the showcase of the sport," he says, "and if the fans see that our champions are mostly left-handed, then the ABC and the bowling proprietors won't be able to sell the sport, and the manufacturers the equipment."

What has happened? There are two basic theories. The first involves lane conditions, the second the bowling pins.

The lane-condition theory is based on two obvious facts: 90% of the play is on the right side of the lane, and the houses where the PBA tour stops are used by league and recreational bowlers 51 weeks of the year. Thus the right side receives much more wear and tear than the left does. A 60-foot track is formed on the right side of every lane from the foul line to the pocket. If the track were uniform everywhere, righthanders could capitalize on it, or at least make a uniform adjustment. But the track is not the same, being affected by such things as the number of women bowlers, the number of league bowlers, the quality of the bowlers, the relative humidity, the average temperature and a score of other factors. This can be fatal to a pro bowler, whose income depends on hav-

ing his ball enter the pocket between the 1 and 3 pins at the proper angle. To do this, he will usually try to throw a hook—that is, a ball that will start out headed straight down the right side of the alley, or even angling slightly toward the gutter, and then about 20 feet from the pocket break sharply back on toward the pins.

Because the house track is such a no-man's-land, however, the righthander must bowl either outside the track, using a gutter shot, or inside the track and sacrifice the angle on his hook.

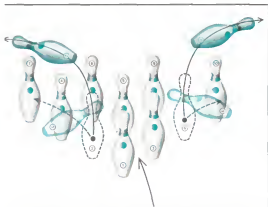
Don Johnson, a top righthander, sums it up: "You've got to avoid the weeds and garbage."

Nelson Burton Jr., the 1970 PBA Bowler of the Year and another righty, adds, "It's like rolling over cuts."

A lefty simply doesn't have this problem. His side of the lanes are generally smooth and untarnished from one week to the next, and he can consistently use the line his style calls for. Lefty Petraglia said, "The righthander has to fight the track. Some places he can use it, most places he can't. We don't have that problem."

Why didn't these conditions show up before now? Well, they did, but in reverse. Until recently lanes were coated with a lacquer finish that caused a kind of supertrack to be formed on the right side as play increased. A ball that got caught on the track would cling to it like a magnet, making a heck line for the pocket. But in the mid-'60s manufacturers developed a more durable lacquer that actually became harder the longer it was left on the lanes. It was a godsend to the bowling proprietors, who suddenly felt they did not have to resurface their lanes—at a cost of thousands—nearly so often. The ABC recognized this fact in 1964 when it voided a long-standing rule that had forced proprietors to resurface at least once every two years. Now a house must be resurfaced only when an ABC inspector says it must.

The result was chaos. Instead of forming a usable hall track, the high usage on the right side now resulted in a glazed surface that had the same effect on a bowling ball as ice on a speeding automobile. One irate righthander estimated that he had to adjust four times as much as a lefty.



ONE OF THE EFFECTS OF CHANGES IN BOWLING-PIN DESIGN, says Bill Taylor, is to penalize the power bowler and give a boost to the weaker delivery. To obtain strikes with his sharp-hooking ball (lower arrow), the bowler depends on the 2 and 4 pins to be flat when hit, taking out the pecky 4, 7 and 10 pins behind them (broken lines). Today's houseier, plastic-shielded pins, Taylor charges, often fly over the 4, 7 and 10 if hit too hard, leaving tough spares

continued

Pro bowlers speak of a right-handed or left-handed house condition but, generally speaking, there is no such thing. It is merely a matter of how well the lanes are cleaned, oiled and otherwise maintained. If they are well taken care of, then there is a chance the righthanders can hold their own. If they are not, then the imbalance shows up, and Dick Weber, a proprietor as well as one of the best bowlers in history, says, "In the field of maintenance, we are lagging. The whole game lags. For some reason the proprietors are willing to let half-a-million dollars worth of equipment go down the drain because they don't take care of their places properly."

But then there is the numbers game. It is generally agreed that there are no more than 40 really good bowlers on the PBA tour, perhaps 34 righthanders and six left-handers. With the righties fighting a house track, any southpaw has only the other lefties to beat. On the other hand, a "straight" lane still leaves the righthander bucking the entire field. This last winter, for example, 28 righthanders appeared on the television finals (and thus had a crack at a fat first-place check) a total of 43 times, or an average of 1.54 times per righty. Nine lefties appeared 22 times, or 2.44 times per left-handed bowler. A lefty, then, had a nearly 60% better chance of making the TV finals.

"A lefty can stay loose," says Mike Durbin, "because he knows if he's bowling badly one week he's going to cash in at a lefty's house, but a righthander has got to struggle every week."

The PBA recognized the imbalance last fall and with other industry representatives formed a committee to study the problem. The PBA's Sam Bacus has so far come up with a proposal that the PBA be allowed to recommend and carry out certain lane maintenance procedures that would insure, as much as possible, a uniform condition, or even, if necessary, create a condition that would be favorable to righthanders.

Ideally, the PBA's recommendations will be incorporated into the ABC's lane maintenance procedures. Failing that, Eddie Elias says that one way to assure equity might be to set quotas for left-handers by holding separate qualifying events. If population averages hold up, that would mean exactly 208 lefties per tournament in a typical 26-man finals. An interesting TV bit in itself.

There is a body of opinion, however, which contends that the lane conditions are not the real problem. The body belongs to Bill Taylor, a self-styled gadfly whose letterhead identifies him as a "Student of Bowling—Adviser to Stars." Taylor is a 45-year-old Californian who for a decade has been aiming twin assaults at the PBA, ABC and the bowling industry.

He charges that over the years manufacturers have developed pins that have become easier and easier to knock down, so that today bowling scores at every level are inflated far beyond a bowler's true ability and that a good bowler is in fact penalized for his skill. And he warns that the easier scoring pins, which he derisively labels pin-ettes, are the direct cause of the disproportionate success of the left-handers and will continue as such regardless of ideal lane conditions.

Taylor's complaint is similar to the charge that a rabbit has been added to the modern baseball. Once upon a time bowling pins were made of solid maple. In the late 1940s laminated maple came into use. In the early 1950s a thin plastic coating was added to give the pins more durability. Around that time, also, voids (hollowed areas) were added to the belly of the pins to reduce their weight to an average of three pounds five ounces. So far, no problem, though Taylor would prefer heavier pins. The lighter ones, he says, add four points to a game.

But in the late 1950s and early 1960s, Taylor claims, pin manufacturers learned how to hype up their product by raising its center of gravity—and by other less devious means—so that the pins flew around more and gave a low-pressure bowler a better moving action.

The old wood pins, Taylor claims, would lie down flat on the deck when they were hit and it took a strong, courageous hooking ball as well as an accurate one to make a strike, or at least not to leave a split or a difficult spare. Today, however, one of two things happens. Either a softly thrown ball with a minimum of hook will give a bowler his strike (indeed, it doesn't even have to hit the pocket solidly), or a strong, hooking ball will so explode the rack that the accurate and powerful bowler will be left with either a "tap" or an inconvertible spare. The reason is that from the right side, for

and the o pin don't lie down and take out the 4-7 and the 10. Instead they fly

to the kickbacks and bounce back to the rack, where they may or may not catch the 4-7 and the devious 10.

Thus a good bowler has an added luck factor he must cope with, and a bad bowler picks up cheap strikes—indirectly penalizing the good bowler. Left-handers, Taylor claims, have always been "bad" bowlers. Lanes are oiled, or conditioned, from gutter to gutter once a day. On the right side, the rough, rutted track and greater amount of play dissipates the oil much more rapidly than on the left. Therefore, a mediocre lefty traditionally has had little hope of throwing a big, powerful hook because there was simply not enough friction to help his ball turn the corner. So he learned to "point" the ball; that is, throw it along a direct path from the foul line to the pocket. As the pins became easier and easier to knock down, his scores got better and better.

"Petraglia, Dave Davis and Dick Battista are solid lefties," said Taylor. "The rest would have to go home and sack groceries if they were forced to bowl against the old pins. It's as if the major leagues moved the fences into the 200-foot mark and then said over the fence is out."

Indeed, at the Firestone tournament there were a lot of strange comments from both sides of the lanes. Davis, after one particularly sloppy strike, said, "It takes a bad ball to win."

Bob Strampe, a veteran righthander who remembers the old pins, lamented after one of his balls slid past the pocket, "All that power and no place to put it."

Not only lefties have benefited. The scores of all bowlers have gone up dramatically. Fifteen years ago a yearly average of 205 was cause for celebration. Not so anymore. By 1969 there were six bowlers who averaged 210 for the entire PBA season; in 1970 there were 14. On the 1970 winter tour an average of 18.70 bowlers per tournament scored 210 or better; on the 1971 winter tour the figure leaped to 25.31. The summer tour statistics are even more startling. In 1969 just 12.72 bowlers per tournament averaged 210; in 1970 the number rose to 24.33.

Billy Welu, one of the stars of the

lege of Taylor's, says, "They've taken the integrity out of the game. It's like run-

continued



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nating the 100-yard dash downhill." Nelson Burton Jr. adds simply, "Everything Taylor says is true."

Within bowling's hierarchy, Taylor's name invariably provokes the same response—an expletive followed by a diatribe followed by a reluctant admission that the guy might be at least partially right. The standard answer to Taylor by the PBA and the ABC is that the higher scores are caused by an increased number of bowlers and better instruction in the junior leagues.

Another argument is that today's pins require the same degree of skill to knock down as the old pins, but skill of a different kind. Dick Weber, whose immaculate career has spanned three decades, admitted today's pins have helped the borderline bowler but he adds, "I don't think we've phoned the game. The premium today is simply on learning how to finesse the ball."

And a PBA tour follower says, "It's like Sandy Koufax and Whitey Ford. One overpowered you and the other out-finessed you. But which one was the better pitcher? You've still got to get to the pocket."

Mike McGrath, a left-handed "pointer" and 1970's top money-winner, speaks for most lefties when he says, "I grew up under these conditions and I aim to carry wall shots and blowout racks. But if I had to fit the ball I could."

Eddie Flaas is more pragmatic. "Even if Taylor is right," he declares, "there's nothing we can do about it. Change is inevitable. I don't deal in history. Fools live in the past."

As far as the ABC is concerned, their public position is that they don't know what Taylor is talking about. Andy Skurati, the head of the ABC's equipment testing and research department, says, "Taylor has never been able to explain to us what he means. There's no way to test for it. Every pin that is approved by us is field-tested, and none of them have built-in scoring advantages. As far as the left-handers go, our position is that the pin has made no difference."

Meanwhile, Johnny Petraglia put it best when he said, "It used to be a crime to be a left-hander. I can remember my mother always taking the spoon out of my left hand and trying to put it in my right. But there's no stigma anymore. There are just more of us around."

Yes. And they all seem to have taken up bowling.

END



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LIST



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The Kentucky Derby is wide open, the betting will be wild and the author gambles by suggesting three for the money **by WHITNEY TOWER**

You may get the feeling that you're looking at an old cowboy movie when you watch the 97th running of the Kentucky Derby this Saturday. There will be this huge posse of horses and riders going hell bent around the turns and up the straights on the old track at Churchill Downs in Louisville. More conspicuous for quantity than quality, the field is likely to number close to 20 and could tie the 1928 record of 22. A recurring nightmare is the possibility that entries will exceed the double starting gate's maximum capacity, in which case a nervous Derby management would have to decide whether to split the race into two sections, which would be sacrilegious, or start a few unfortunates from a point near the taxi stand on neighboring Central Avenue.

The overcrowded field is the result of an extraordinary departure of favorites and would-be favorites from the Derby roster. Host The Flag was injured (SI, April 12), and so were His Majesty and Drill Role. Good Behavior was not nominated for the race, Executioner is skipping it and Run The Guntlet and Salem are being saved for more favorable opportunities later on. Dynastic, Limit To Reason and Northfields, all of whom had their backers, were found wanting in their final tests and are out of it now.

But despite the absence of so many stars there is still going to be a Derby, a tumultuous, exciting one. It certainly will be the wildest-betting Derby in memory, mostly because of the large field and the absence of a clear-cut favorite, but partly because of the intrusion of New York City's off-track betting on Kentucky's big race and, in Louisville, a crackdown on local bookies that will bring more "play" money out to the betting windows at Churchill Downs. New York's operation, 800 miles away, will

include exacta wagering (picking the first two finishers in order) and will make each horse in the race a separate betting interest. In Kentucky there will be no exacta on the Derby and only 12 betting choices, with the excess horses grouped in the "field" (Count Turf, the 1951 winner, was a field horse).

The Kentucky State Racing Commission has objected to New York's plans, but to no avail. Bettors have not objected; two separate betting pools on the Derby give them the delightful prospect of two sets of odds and the chance, if a telephone is handy, to lay off money from one city to the next. Sure, dad, just the way the bookies do it.

In Louisville, for example, Calumet Farm, a sentimental favorite in the bluegrass country, will draw more support for its Eastern Fleet and Bold and Ahle than it will in New York. In Louisville the two colts will be coupled in the betting, whereas in New York they won't, all of which means the odds in New York on these horses will be considerably higher. New Yorkers, on the other hand, will give more of a play to Jim French and his New York trainer Johnny Campo (page 34) while tending to overlook Impetuosity, Twist The Axe and List, all of whom have been racing well in Kentucky. The California-bred Unconscious would be the favorite if the Derby were being held at Hollywood Park, but he'll be something of a long shot in Louisville and even longer in New York.

Aside from the wagering possibilities, the highlight of the 97th running is the return of Calumet to the Derby scene, which it has avoided since the 1968 scandal involving Daner's Image and Forward Pass. With Calumet is Trainer Reggie Cornell, who brought the glamorous but disappointing Silky Sullivan to the Derby in 1958. This time he has solid con-

tenders in Eastern Fleet and Bold and Able. The trouble is, neither Cornell nor anyone else seems able to predict what either horse will do from one race to its next. Eastern Fleet finished ninth in the Flamingo but a few weeks later won the Florida Derby over substantially the same field and then finished a creditable second in the Wood. Bold and Able, erratic down south, skipped the big Florida races and ran a disappointing seventh in the Wood. So last Saturday at Churchill Downs, Bold and Able won the Stepping Stone by three lengths and Eastern Fleet was a distant sixth in a field of seven.

Thus sort of thing would upset most trainers, but Cornell shrugs it off. "It's nice to have two Derby horses in your barn," he says, and adds about Eastern Fleet, "If he doesn't break well, which is what happened in the Flamingo and in the Stepping Stone, he doesn't seem to give a damn. I thought he'd run better, but I'm not really disappointed."

The most impressive colt in the Stepping Stone was List, a chestnut son of the French stallion Herbager, who came from behind to finish second. He has won only twice in 20 lifetime starts, but he looks the distance type and is bred for it and the Derby is three-eighths of a mile longer than the Stepping Stone. None of the others in the race was impressive, and if they try the Derby they might just as well be going for a canter in the park. The same applies to all the other supernumeraries that do not belong in the Derby but will clutter up the field to such an extent that the ultimate winner is not likely to be the best horse but the horse with the best luck.

One colt that has already been given the advantage of luck is Impetuosity, who surprised everyone, including his trainers. George Poole, by winning last week's Blue Grass at Keeneland. The 46-year-old Eric Guerin, who won the 1947 Derby on Jet Pilot and lost in 1953 on Native Dancer—the Dancer's only defeat—guided Impetuosity through an almost impossibly small hole on the rail to defeat Twist The Axe, the other half of the Poole-trained entry. But it is unlikely that Impetuosity will be that fortunate two weeks in a row. Twist The Axe looked stronger and seems a better

bet. Another Blue Grass also-ran, Sole Mio, has been running in hard luck all year. He comes from way out of it and to get away with that in a big field you need the breaks. Sole Mio has a chance in the Derby and so, probably, does Bold Reason, who was fifth in the Wood.

The busy Jim French is going to the Derby, of course, and after the things he has managed to do already this season he might very well win it. Trainer Campo elected to skip a race over the Churchill Downs strip in favor of keeping Jim French in New York until the last minute. Nobody should second-guess a trainer as successful as Campo, but not within memory has a Derby winner failed either to race once over the track or arrive far enough in advance to have at least one good work over it. Campo explained, "It's not that I wouldn't like to have a work there, but it's more important that I keep Jim French with my chief exercise boy, Albert Schweizer. I can't have them both away from me and the rest of the stable for all that time. We'll fly to Louisville Wednesday, walk Thursday and gallop Friday. On Saturday we'll see."

Another who'll see is Unconscious, the convincing winner of the California Derby. This chestnut is classically bred—he's by the Arc de Triomphe winner Prince Royal II (who is by the undefeated Ribot) out of a granddaughter of Epsom Derby winner Mahmoud. Unconscious suffers in reputation only because he has been beating an uncommonly poor lot of fellow Californians and because he lost to Jim French in the Santa Anita Derby. His trainer, John Canby, says, "I've never seen a colt improve so much in two months. I don't think Jim French will beat him again."

Who will win? It would be sentimentally appropriate if an old campaigner like Eric Guerin could get his second Derby victory 24 years after his first one—and 18 years after being blamed for Native Dancer's only losing race. But the Kentucky Derby is sentiment heavily flavored with reality. So the pick here is Unconscious, ridden by young Laffit Pincay Jr., who is in his first Derby. Close behind him we suggest you look for List, Twist The Axe and, naturally, Jim French. Johnny Campo does not get shut out too often.

THE ENIGMA



EASTERN FLEET

THE LUCKY ONE



IMPETUOSITY

THE UNLUCKY ONE



SOLE MIO

For a man who was born in Harlem, grew up on the crowded streets of Queens and has been a full-fledged trainer of racehorses only three years come Kentucky Derby Day, John Paul Campo has turned into a pretty fair hand with thoroughbreds. A short man with an ample belly and opinions to match, Campo led all trainers in victories at the three big New York tracks last year, winning more than \$1 million in purses. Now, if all goes well, he probably will have one of the favorites in the Kentucky Derby in his hardworking little Jim French, who won the Santa Anita Derby handily early in April.

Yet if one should suggest to racing's small circle of elite owners and private trainers that Johnny Campo may well be the best trainer in the business, the response is a quick, pained denial. To the people with breeding farms, the best stallions and racing programs geared to a few classic victories each year, Campo is a rather unwelcome intruder from an unfamiliar world. Elliott Burch, a Yale man who trains for Paul Mellon's prestigious Rokeby Stable, said recently, "Campo? I really don't know him very well. He still calls me Mr. Burch."

Burch is what less successful people around the backstretch call a society trainer. He directs the racing fortune of a multi-millionaire owner who can afford a full-time private trainer, a large horse farm and barns full of thoroughbreds. Campo, who did not finish high school, is the son of an Italian immigrant tailor, his love of horses was triggered by watching Roy Rogers in Western movies. He is a public trainer who serves 11 owners, who may or may not be well heeled or well bred but who want their horses to run as often as possible and win enough so that they can afford to stay in racing. Campo does not supervise the mating of his horses nor does he buy horses at the yearling sales.

"He claims horses," a big stable owner said not long ago in Florida. "Claiming trainers are the prostitutes of horse racing. In effect, he's selling bodies. He



STAKING A CLAIM FOR BIG JOHN

by **TEX MAULE**

takes a finished product and gets all he can out of it, then discards it."

"There are horse trainers and people who train horses," another owner said. "Campo's a man who trains horses."

"He's a trainer in a somewhat different sense," Elliott Burch explains, sitting behind his desk in a tastefully decorated office in Belmont Park. "He doesn't oversee the breeding of his horses, which I help do. And he claims a horse not with the expectation of improving its performance—he only hopes to do as well with the horse he claimed as the previous owner did."

This is certainly true of some claiming trainers, who run a horse until it breaks down and then claim another for the same treatment. But Campo has been described as a bridge between this type of claiming trainer and the private trainer. He works his horses hard and gets rid of them when their racing potential declines, but he takes excellent care of them while they are in his care and with happy frequency improves their general performance. In 1969 he claimed a 3-year-old filly named Mariner's Joke for \$10,000 for owner Neil Hellman. She improved enough to win a total of \$53,245 in 1969 and another \$64,125 in 1970 before Campo sold her as a broodmare for \$50,000. He bought Gleaming Light for Hellman in 1969 for \$25,000, and Gleaming Light won a total of \$196,886 during that year and the next and is still running. He claimed Boone the Great for \$8,500 as a 2-year-old in 1970, and in 1971 the colt became a stakes winner. "He's a hell of a horseman," says Braulio Baeza, who has ridden stakes winners for Campo. "He knows his business."

He didn't start learning it until he was 15 years old. It would be hard to imagine a more unlikely starting point for a horse trainer than Campo's birth-

place at 107th Street and First Avenue in East Harlem, where the only horses were ridden by policemen. Later, his father moved the family to Ozone Park in Queens and Campo spent his formative years in sight of the old Aqueduct racetrack.

"I didn't care much about school," he said in his office at Belmont. It is a rather bare room and for a long time the only furniture was a battered desk, a battered chair and one plastic lawn chair for the occasional visiting owner or jockey's agent. Recently, Campo bought two leather-covered chairs for the visitors, but the desk is the same. "I could see the track out the window when I was in Public School 109. I guess it didn't mean that much to me then, but after I went to the Westerns I got interested in horses. I quit school after I started John Adams High School. I just didn't have no interest."

"A friend of mine named Ralph Delvecchio owned a riding stable and I got started with him. I'd help around the stables, mucking out and all that, and he'd let me ride. After a while, I bought my first horse, a mare named Ginger, a palomino. She cost a hundred sixty bucks. I had to work about three months selling the *Long Island Press* and working in a grocery store to save up that much money, but I finally bought her. I still got her, as a matter of fact. She's 29 years old now and I got her on a farm upstate. When I get time, I go see her."

He doesn't see her often. His day begins at about 4:30 in the morning when he goes to his barns at Belmont to supervise the workouts of the 35-odd horses he has in training. Often it does not end until eight or nine at night, after the racing program is over and his horses are safely in their stalls.

"I'd see more of him if I was one of

his hot walkers," says his wife Peggy. "I could fight if it was some broods, but horses, how can I fight that?"

(The Campos have one child, a son, John Paul Jr., who is a miniature version of his father. He is four and weighs a robust 80 pounds and he likes horses, too. "I took him to a rodeo with me once," Campo says. "He wanted me to get him a Western saddle, so I got him a full-size one. Now he's got it on his rocking horse.")

Campo, 32 now, has always been a hard worker. He got his first job as a groom with Trainer Lucien Laurin, but it lasted only three months and he went to work for his father, pulling tags off material. "I didn't like that too much," he said. "My old man didn't think too much about me working with horses, but that's all I wanted to do. I got a job a little later workin' for Jim Fitzsimmons and that lasted maybe four, five months. Then I worked for Johnny Nerud, but I only lasted there about a month. He fired me because he said I was too noisy."

Campo laughed, his round face slyly gleeful over the memory of an early rebuff. "I guess maybe I was," he said. "Me and Nerud, we joke about it now, but it wasn't so funny then."

Finally he went to work for Eddie Nelay, trainer for the Ogden Phipps stable. "I went to work for him June 10, 1959," Campo said. "I remember things like that exactly. I guess I got a photographic memory. I worked four years for Nelay as a groom, then five more as assistant trainer, and he taught me just about all I know. He's a fine trainer and he's a fine man, too. I owe him a lot." At first Nelay was not overly impressed with Campo. Even when his assistant trainer quit after Johnny's fourth year as a groom, it did not occur to Nelay to promote John until another, older groom suggested it.

"John was really what you call a diamond in the rough," Nelay said recently. "I guess his biggest asset was his enthusiasm. And he was very

continued

Heretical as it may sound, some people consider squat Johnny Campo, off the streets of New York, the best trainer in the business. This week in Kentucky he may get a chance to convince a few more

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BIG JOHN *continued*

methodical, very anxious to learn. I remember once I asked him how we had treated a horse two years before for some kind of injury and he went to his notebooks and he had it all written down. He asked questions all the time."

Neloy hesitated. "I don't want you to think what I'm going to say now is derogatory," he went on, "because I don't mean it that way at all. But John was pretty rough at that time, pretty outspoken. He said things in a way that irritated people. He had opinions and he let you know about them. He got some people's backs up. So finally I sent him to the Dale Carnegie School on How to Win Friends and Influence People and he took the whole six weeks' course. I guess it helped."

As an assistant trainer, Campo handled Buckpasser by himself when Neloy shipped that outstanding colt to the West Coast one year, and he handled him well.

"He was always good with the horses," Neloy said. "Good at taking care of their legs, everything. He's a nut about feeding and he knows how to make a horse happy. That's not the easiest thing in the world to do and it's not easy to teach. John had it naturally."

Even after he had finished the Dale Carnegie course, Campo was a loner. None of the stable help was close to him. One veteran groom, an old Southerner who knew him during his nine years with Neloy, said, "He didn't fool around at all, you know? All Fat John cared about was the horses. Worked all the time. No drinking, no playing around at all."

He scratched his head trying to think of Campo as he had been then.

"He wasn't noway a mean man," he said at last. "I remember one time, I don't recall just when, maybe when he was out in California with Buckpasser, I had to move out of my apartment in a hurry for some reason, and I didn't have no place to go. Me and my wife and four kids. Fat John and his wife, they had a little apartment near ours and he told me to come on over, stay with him. Said him and me could sleep on the floor and let the kids and the women have the bed. And we wasn't that good friends, because like I say, Fat John was really a loner."

"He was impatient with the help if they goofed off at all," Neloy said. "Sometimes too impatient, I think. I re-

member one morning I got to the barns and found him rubbing down horses himself and I asked him what had happened. The groom who was supposed to rub those horses had had a big night and showed up late and John fired him and did the work himself. I told him he should have waited until the guy had rubbed his horses before he fired him."

Campo left Neloy on April 25, 1968, another date he remembers precisely, to try training on his own. "I had done all I could as an assistant trainer," he said. "Handled Buckpasser by myself, learned all the things Eddie could teach me and I was getting bored."

"I thought he was ready," Neloy said. "I told him when he left that if it did not work out, he would always be welcome back. He still is."

Six days later, on May 1, Campo started with three horses. It was nearly two months before he won his first race. "I remember that date, too," he said happily. "June 27. Won both ends of the daily double at Belmont and knew damn well I would. Won the first race with a horse called Dollar Sign and the second one with Shotgun Mass and the double paid \$102.80 and I had told the owners to bet."

He beamed at the memory. Campo is not a notably unmodest man, but he takes an enormous, rather naive pleasure in recounting his triumphs. He went on to win 28 races in 1968, including a division of the Long Island Handicap with a horse called Ruth's Rullah, which paid \$32.

"Beat Fort Marcy in that race," he said, with satisfaction. Fort Marcy is trained by Burch.

In 1969, with a larger stable as new owners were attracted by his success, Campo sent horses to the post 495 times. He returned 101 winners, 70 places and 60 shows and earned \$681,234. It was a remarkable record, particularly for a man in his first full year of training.

In 1970 Campo predicted he would saddle 100 winners in New York, something only one trainer had ever done. (Buddy Jacobson had 110 winners in New York in 1963 and 100 in 1964.) Coming up to the last racing day, Campo had 98 winners, he finished first three times and to the year with 101. Overall in 1970 he won 133, placed 108 times and had 111 horses show in 806 starts. He won \$1,103,529, second among all trainers.

Continued

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"We have had a few other public trainers who started like Campo," said Burch, who won \$776,528 in 1970 with only 146 starts (he averaged \$5,300 in winnings for each starter, compared to Campo's \$1,350). "I suppose if he keeps winning, he'll eventually get a private stable and then we will see what kind of trainer he is."

Campo has no interest in a private stable now. "I'm too young," he said the other day. "Maybe in a few years. But I like what I'm doing now. I wouldn't want to be a private trainer. The first thing happens if you're losing, they blame the jocks, then they blame the trainers. No one thinks to blame the horses." Right now, Campo has 11 owners and could probably have more if he wanted them.

"He's in a good spot," says Burch. "He's successful, and a lot of owners would like to have him train their horses. From what I've heard, he's pretty good to his owners."

"All my owners finished in the black last year," Campo said early one morning outside his Belmont barn. "You figure they're making money, they're happy." It was a chill morning and he was walking toward the track to watch some of his horses work. As he walked along, he exchanged greetings with other trainers and with exercise boys and grooms. He was friendly enough but somewhat withdrawn.

"I don't socialize with other trainers," he said. "I mean, there's no point. I remember one time I'm having a few drinks with another trainer, I'm telling him about a horse I got, the good things about this horse. Week later, I run the horse and this guy claims him." He shook his head. "So I wait a while, watch his stable looking for a horse and finally I find the right one and I claim one of his. Next time I see him, I tell him, 'Now I'm going to beat you with your horse,' and I waited. Finally I got in a race with the horse he claimed on me. His horse is 4 to 5, mine is 7 to 1. I don't usually tell a joke much when he's riding for me. A good joke, I just say good luck, maybe tell him if the horse likes to run inside or outside. But I told this joke, 'You go head to head with his horse three furlongs and he'll stop. You win easy.' We won by six lengths and his horse came third."

He was at the edge of the track now, watching the horses go by, steam ris-

ing from their backs in the early chill.

"I don't claim from nobody unless they claim from me first," he said. "A man claims from me, then I go after him. It's a tough business."

He watched a few minutes more, then turned to walk back to his barn, a squat figure in a blue windbreaker, chinos and brown boots. A young trainer called to him as he left and Campo turned and said, "Hey, you. You gonna be eating rye bread tonight, not clams."

He laughed and started walking again. "That's John Parisella," he said. "Nice young boy, young trainer. He's got a horse named Here Comes Trouble going against Gleaming Light this afternoon. Reason I said to him about the clams, one of his owners is in the clam business."

Parisella cupped his hands and called: "That's John Parisella, he said. 'Win.' Campo waved and trudged on."

"Only way that horse beats Gleaming Light is if Gleaming Light falls down," he said.

Campo walked into his barn and started down the long line of stalls. A horse being let out to gallop shed and he said to the girl who was leading him, "Stand in front, where he can see you. Don't get off to the side." She nodded and moved in front of the horse.

"That's Boone the Great," Campo said, putting the horse on the neck. "No breeding. He's a freak. Good runner with no breeding. He's a kind of spooky horse. That's why I got a girl rubbing him. They're gentler than the men and some horses need that kind of gentling. You got to treat a horse like a woman sometimes and a woman knows how to do that." Campo has 11 girls among his three dozen employees.

He walked out of the barn into a clear area, where a husky young man stood beside a black Jaguar XKE waiting for him.

"This is Anthony Amato," Campo said, grinning. "My blacksmith."

"Tony," the young man said. "Call me Tony."

"He's a hell of a blacksmith," Campo said. "So is his dad."

A groom led a horse out of the barn and turned it so that the morning sun would be on his right front hoof when it was picked up and held between Tony's knees, preparatory to shoeing.

"This is Navy No.," Campo said, patting the horse gently. "I claimed him

for \$7,500; he won over \$40,000 last year." Now something was wrong with his stride, causing him to hit his hind ankles as he ran.

"It's not his back feet," Campo explained. "His right front foot is sore and he favors it and that's throwing him off stride. I'll show you why when Tony gets the shoe off."

Amato had taken off the right front shoe, bending over with the horse's foot resting snugly between his knees, Navy No. standing quietly. With a flat, curved knife, he quickly pared down the hoof, the thick, gray horny substance curling smoothly away from the knife. He pressed a strong thumb against the frog, a heart-shaped growth at the back of the foot.

"That's where the trouble is," Campo said. "He's got a deep bruise under the frog and he favors the foot. Just ease him a little, Tony. Don't cut deep. He's in today."

Amato began trimming the frog down carefully, much as you might pare a corn on your toe. As he cut deeper, the gray shavings were tinged with pink and Amato picked one up and handed it to Campo, who looked at it carefully.

"That's blood from the deep bruise seeping into the frog," he said. "Tony will shave it down enough so there won't be any pressure on the bruise when he runs, then reshoe him."

Amato trimmed both forefeet, smoothed them with a wide rasp and hammered on the new shoes. Navy No. stood quietly until the job was finished, then Campo inspected the position of his front feet on the ground and nodded.

"Just right," he said. "Some trainers have the horse's foot slanted too far forward, some too far back. His feet are perfectly flat now."

He nodded at Amato. "You don't learn that in college," he said. "Anthony's daddy taught him. He's young and good and he'll take chances. That's why I like him."

Another horse was led out. "Jim French," Campo said. "A real good horse. A dependable horse. He always gives you a good race. He's got the same trouble as Navy No. But he's not in today, so we can get down to the root of it."

Amato had begun trimming the frog on Jim French's right front foot. This time he cut much deeper than he had

continued

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on Navy No until thick, old blood welled darkly across the bottom of the hoof. Amato pressed the frog to extract the deep of the pool of blood left by the deep bruise, then repeated the process on the other foot and reshod Jim French.

"Now he'll get an antiseptic shot and stand in an antiseptic bath to make sure he doesn't get an infection," Campo said.

"Campo does something unorthodox to his horses' feet," another trainer had said earlier. "He may have been in trouble with the examining vets about it, too. You might check that out."

Dr. Manuel Gilman, the examining vet at Aqueduct, who has checked a great many Campo entries, shook his head when asked about Campo's treatment of his horses.

"He's a good horseman," he said.

"His horses are sound. He doesn't do anything illegal to their feet. He's a hard worker and a winner and sometimes that creates some jealousy."

Many trainers are reluctant to touch a horse's frog, Elliott Burch among them.

"We don't cut the frog down," Burch said. "The frog controls the growth of the hoof. I guess if you cut it down it could stimulate circulation, which might help somehow. I remember once Fort Marcy threw a frog, like you might lose a fingernail. We made an aluminum plate to cover the bottom of the hoof and protect the frog."

He called to one of his aides and the man brought a thin, hoof-shaped aluminum plate.

"Here it is," he said. "Fort Marcy ran with it on not long after that."

"How did he do?"

"Ran what may have been the best race he's ever run," said Burch.

Aside from taking special care with his horses' feet, Campo has other techniques, most of them learned from Neloy, to insure that his horses are at their best when they go on the track.

"Three big things to check with a horse," he said. "Feet, mouth, how they eat. Lots of horses, when you claim them, they got bad feet. Take Manner's Joe, for instance. When I got her, she had four infected feet and a bad mouth and an infection in her urethra. She had things wrong with her from head to her backside, but I knew she was a good one. I cleaned up her feet and her mouth, then cleared up the infection in the ur-

ethral tract. When a filly runs, her vagina acts like a bellows. It sucks up air and sometimes the passage gets irritated and infected. It don't make her real sick, but it cuts down on her speed. So what I do, after I get her cleaned out, I sew her up so she can't suck wind and leave her sewed up until her racing days are over."

This rather drastic treatment for a filly is one of the things he learned from Neloy. "Another thing I learned from him is to make sure my horses eat good," Campo said. He walked back into the immaculate barn and over to a large tin drum that was steaming slightly. It was full of something that smelled good and looked for all the world like oatmeal. An electric heater kept it warm.

"This is the mash I feed my horses," he said. "It's got vitamins, flax seed and stuff in it and I always feed it to them warm. Some trainers don't bother to warm it, but I figure I wouldn't want to eat no cold oatmeal in the morning and the horses don't want to either."

Jim French was back in his stall by now, browsing thoughtfully on a net of hay hanging on the door. He regarded Campo calmly as the trainer approached him and went on eating.

"Jim French, he likes to bite and kick," Campo said. "You have to hut him when he tries it, but it don't really do any good. Some horses, they get it in for you; they'll wait forever to get you. I still got a scar on my arm from a horse named John William I used to rub for Neloy. John William was looking to get me for a long time, but I was careful until one morning I forgot and he bit me on the arm and picked me up and shook me. He was a mean one."

A few stalls farther on, a handsome mare stood quietly and John patted her affectionately.

"Sea Saga," he said. "She's a lady, a real lady. So is Sun Lover. Anyone can take care of them."

An exercise boy came by on another horse and Campo watched it walk for a moment, then stopped the boy. He leaned over and slid his hand gently from the horse's knee to its foot, and felt gingerly around the ankle.

"Take it easy," he said to the rider. "I don't want his ankle filling up."

He walked on through the barns, stopping now and then to talk to one of the young men or women who were caring for the horses, then went back to his of-

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BIG JOHN continued

fice. A jockey's agent came in and Campo talked to him briefly, finally deciding on a mount for the jock.

"I don't use any one jock real regular," he said. "Jocks have hot and cold streaks, just like everyone else. I like to get one on a hot streak."

He leaned back in his chair, obviously a happy man. "Somebody asked me the other day what do I do for fun," he said. "The horses are my fun. I watch a little television. The other night I saw a thing about Vince Lombardi, the coach. It was real good. I mean, I could understand him. He's an Italian in the coaching business, which seems a lot like training horses to me, and he had a tough time getting a break, maybe because he's Italian. Anyway, he figured it that way. Then finally he gets it made and he dies. I felt bad about that. I mean, I know what he went through. It ain't so different in horse racing."

A serious young man came in and stood waiting for Campo to finish, then asked him about some details of work schedules. "This is Vince Nocela," Campo said. "He's my assistant trainer, does all the hard work." Nocela smiled and left and Campo watched him go.

"You look around my barn, I got all young people working for me. Go around to the other barns, you'll see all old help. Old trainers, they don't trust young people. I like to help them because it ain't long ago I was in the same spot."

The phone rang and he picked it up, listened a moment, said, "I'm busy" and hung up, no Dale Carnegie training apparent. "Horses," he said, reflectively. "Horses are like little kids. You take any kids three, four years old. Horses are like them, except you can't talk to them."

"Well," he said, "you can talk to them a little. Like when you're galloping a horse in the morning. Some grooms, they sing to the horse and the horse gets to expect it and like it, and sometimes you talk to them in the stalls and they can tell if you like them or not. They're all different. Like Boone the Great—you can't hit him because he's too high-strung. He'll get nervous and then he won't eat. You got to have an affection for a horse and mainly you got to get him to eat."

"Sometimes when I go home, my wife will say Little John did something bad, so I sit down and talk to him about it and try to get him to understand. I don't

hit him, because he wouldn't know why. It's been too long since it happened. But say I catch him doing something wrong, then I naid him because he knows why I hit him. Racehorses are the same way. When a thoroughbred bites you, you hit him right away."

Campo glanced at his watch and got up.

"Got to go home and change clothes and get out to Aqueduct," he said. "I got four horses in today."

Campo has been criticized for running his horses too often; Jim French, for instance, will have been to the post 21 times before he runs in the Kentucky Derby.

"If they're eating good, they can come back quick. I've run a horse on Saturday and won and come back on Wednesday and won. Depends on the horse. Two-year-olds, they take maybe 10, 12 days' rest between races. You got to be careful training 2-year-olds. When you first get them, you got to teach them to run and you work them every day. If you let them walk one day, they forget everything they learned. I run them in pairs when I'm training them, trying to match them for speed so one doesn't beat the other. You let one get beat bad, it can hurt his competitiveness. And what you're doing is trying to teach them to compete."

He walked out to his car, a new maroon Cadillac that is one of the few signs of the money he makes now, probably more than \$50,000 annually.

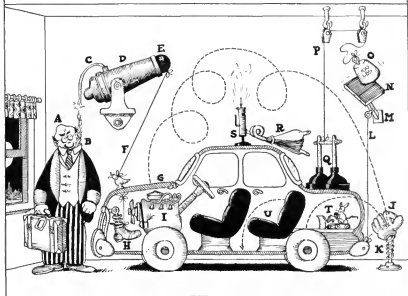
"When you taking off this year, Big John?" someone asked him and he laughed. "Most I can take off is two, three days," he said. "Hard to do that with 11 owners."

"I got him to take me to Hawaii for a week two years ago," Peggy says. "He slept all day and I took in the sun. Another time we took the baby to Disneyland. John liked that. But I wish I could lock him up in a room and close the doors and windows so no owners could get to him. I never will."

Campo drove away, and a big, quiet black man who occasionally works for him, driving his car back and forth from Florida when he changes tracks, watched him go.

"Big John," he said softly. "I've known him a long time now, since he worked for Mr. Nelo. Ever' body call him Fat John then. Don't call him nothing but Big John now, though." **END**

How To Make A Sedan Bigger Inside Without Making It Bigger Outside



WHEN MAN (A) DISCOVERS THE LACK OF TRUNK SPACE IN HIS NEW SEDAN, HE GETS HOT UNDER THE COLLAR AND SPARKS (B) IGNITE FUSE (C) SETTING OFF CANNON (D) WHICH SHOOTS OUT CANNONBALL (E) CAUSING STRING (P) TO OPEN FRONT HOOD (G) THUS RELEASING FOOTBALL SHOE (H) WHICH BOOTS OUT ENGINE (I) AND THEREBY CREATES A TRUNK IN FRONT.

ENGINE (I) FLIES END OVER END OVER CAR INTO BASEBALL GLOVE (J) AND REBOUND OF SPRING (K) CAUSES GLOVE (J) TO TOSS ENGINE (I) BACK INTO CAR ABOVE REAR DRIVE WHEELS WHERE ADDED WEIGHT CAUSES STRING (L) TO PULL BRACE (M) FROM BENEATH SHIELD (N) DROPPING WEIGHT (O) WHICH IN TURN CAUSES WIRE (P) TO PULL UP GIANT SUCTION CUPS (Q) THEREBY RAISING THE REAR ROOFLINE, SQUARING IT OFF, AND CREATING ADDITIONAL SPACE.

AS REAR ROOFLINE RISES, IT STRIKES BELLOWS (R) AND PRESSURE OF AIR BLOWS WHISTLE (S). TRAINED CIRCUS MOUSE (T) IN TRUNK, HEARING WHISTLE THINKS LUNCH IS OVER AND BULLDOZERS HIS WAY TOWARDS FRONT OF CAR. DURING THE PROCESS, HE FLATTENS REAR SEAT (U) AND THEREBY GIVES MAN A'S SEDAN OVER TWICE THE CARRYING SPACE OF ANY OTHER SEDAN.

SHOULD YOU FACE THE SAME PROBLEM, BUT FIND A SHORTAGE OF CIRCUS MICE TRAINED IN THE OPERATION OF BULLDOZERS, ALL IS NOT LOST. THERE ALREADY EXISTS A SEDAN WITH A FRONT TRUNK, SQUARE BACK, FOLD-DOWN REAR SEAT, AND OVER TWICE THE CARRYING SPACE OF ANY OTHER SEDAN. (ODDLY ENOUGH, IT'S CALLED THE VOLKSWAGEN SQUAREBACK SEDAN.)

SIMPLY SEE CAR DEALER (VW).





America revs up to the 'millennial thunder' of the sport of motocross, whose implausibly deft riders perform on the ragged edge of disaster in an astounding landscape of rushing machinery BY THOMAS MCGUANE

The fastest way to go from point to point on the face of the earth, assuming that you do not prepare the ground in front of you but take it rough and unimproved, is on a motorcycle. The right hike in the right hands can travel full tilt in bumps, slides and vaults over ground that would gunnysack Land Rovers and power wagons. In the hands of the cyclists who dominate motocross racing, Europeans all, the progress is

made with a power and alacrity that make your hair stand on end.

Motocross, almost unknown in this country until recently but gaining familiarity very rapidly, is easily one of the more popular sports in Europe. It is, to attempt a definition, a kind of motorcycle racing that is done on courses that epitomize the rough terrain of enduro or desert racing. The courses are all different; those of Russia are unlike

those of Spain, say, or California; and the courses of some regions have notorious problems—the deep sand of Belgium, for instance—that sometimes allow local heroes to upset the established international stars. Belgian racers topped the Swedes in 250-cc. racing last year, but at the moment Sweden still dominates world motocross competition in the 500-cc. class.

Motocross is very properly considered

a sport. It requires strength, the balance of a slack-wire walker, incredible coordination and endurance. It requires a lot of training. The paunches and bubble-butts of other motor sports are not seen here. A contending motocrosser can expect to play out around 28 years old, sooner than a fighter or football player. There is no retirement plan.

But in Europe motocross offers access to daydreams of folk-herosism, much as baseball does here. The great Swedish champions, Torsten Hallman and Bengt Aberg, had at one time both entertained dreams of being soccer stars, a parallel route off the farm. Hallman, whose reputation emboldened him to an autobiography, recounts a career that is both mildly picaresque and yet utterly integral to the wishful daydreams of innumerable young Europeans. When you hear of Hallman and a companion driving down from Sweden towing a trailer that carries their racing motorcycles, crossing into Poland and Russia and Czechoslovakia to hit any race going, bringing back trophies or wrecked motorcycles or nothing, you cannot avoid thinking of knights-errant. Nor when you see Hallman or Aberg or Chris-

ter Hammargren or Ake Jonsson or any one of the northern supermen can you quite think you are watching yet another West Coast internal-combustion lunacy.

It was new to me. I have since made a rather selective picture of motocross in my mind; in effect, a reconstruction whose components are largely drawn from the Inter-Am events at Morgan Hill, Calif. and at Saddleback Park, near Orange, Calif. Inter-Am is a sanctioning body, one of the groups fighting over American motocross as it makes its start here. The entrepreneurs are in on it too; and, in general, the money boys are atwitter.

In the crowd there is something ghoul-ish. The day is gone, after all, when you could watch a hanging; and there is one part of you that is a spectator at the event because something might happen.

So there is that. There is also a rather comfortable sense of its being merely a sporting crowd; you might bet on the outcome; there are certain expectations; there are those who could admire the



PHOTOGRAPHS BY RONALD SMITH BUREAU



good riding. There are families, friends of racers, couples, hippies, kids who have rigged a balloon on the Schwinn to make it float. Everywhere, it would seem, are the archetypal California females: the nifty incipients in bathtub-fitted button-up Levi's, Indian moccasins and loose peasant blouses or white T-shirts, the latter possibly with that no-bra, tapoca jiggle.

Another ubiquitous California woman is there—a rather unappetizing item in a pants suit, weirdly dyed as though the material had been on the scene when Krakatoa let go, and possibly silver slippers, owl glasses and any number of fashion accoutrements that could have made Orwell's vision of an uninhabitable future so much more convincing. The first of these women that I saw, cross my heart, shot through the crowd on a three-wheeled ATV (all-terrain vehicle), spangled Capexos working the aircraft pedals with a certain *clon* you couldn't ignore, braked up shy of a refreshment stand and ordered a Diet Pepsi that she consumed, at speed, one arm authoritatively steering the buggy among the legs of the other spectators.

Another I saw wore a jump suit identical to her husband's, both advertising STP in huge letters. Still another wheeled a pair of infants in matching "Sock it to me!" playpens. Virtually all the rest

continued

RIDERS *continued*

of the crowd were just regular people—but who wants to talk about just regular people? The hubby of the mommy of the “sock-it-to-me” twins caught up with his family and asked the little woman, “What’s happening?”

She replied, “Me and the kids is gonna boogie over to the refreshments for a hot dog.” I meant to make my way through these . . . *foes* and head for the pits. But on the way I bumped into the lady of the ATV. A man standing over her kept looking down at the machine and saying, “Fyastastic!”

To which she replied, “Where this really garners kudos is on dunes.”

As I say, it was mostly a regular crowd—but who wants to talk about that?

Some of the junior classes had already been run off. The magic of the sport had thus far eluded me. Watching so many riders, I had lost my perspective of speed, and the sight of muddy, grimacing people evidently chained to bits of rushing, smoking, screaming machinery was less exalting than it could have been. But the 500 International class was coming, and I fully understood that this would be quite different. The very greatest riders living would be entered.

During the junior classes I was dogged by a commentator who wanted to narrate the race for me. This consisted



chiefly in relating every upset or mishap we saw to what he called “a basic law of physics.” Later, his disquisition rose to the philosophical: “I mean, what are these guys doing, getting their jollies, or what?” One despairing rider seemed to have blown up his engine in front of us. “He lunched it,” noted my commentator. At a start earlier in which there had been a pile-up, he remarked, “Upwards of three unfortunates center-punched at the first bend.”

A long, strolling parade wandered among the pit crews in the universal carnival procedure of walking the midway, eating and looking. Buying a strange, vulcanized hot dog and a wet paper cylinder of Coca-Cola, I joined the throng.

At one end of the pits a member of a Swedish racing team, wearing hib-front tool jeans and an orange cap, was lecturing riders about to compete in one of the small-displacement classes, the “yooner” division, he called them. These classes are by no means safe and are often contested by green riders with little more than the motorcycle and the price of admission. Therefore, this experienced Swede offered advice designed to keep them from the kind of vivid wipeouts available to those who race motorcycles.

Some of the riders were already running practice laps, and loops of hornet

noise rose and fell among the glens. From time to time an angrier pitch would rise from a bike as it left the ground in a jump. Then, often as not, the silence of the eliminated contestant.

Because I was anxious not to blunt my perceptions, I waited for the big-bore racing, the 500 International. I wanted that shock to fall upon relatively innocent eyes.

There was a different sensation in the pits altogether. To be sure, solemnity was quite nonexistent here as well. But the work was getting done: racing machinery rolled down out of vans as though the vans were giving birth to bright motorcycles, gently received by men in smocks.

With the International to be run soon it would have been a mistake not to notice the tension. Earlier, the riders had walked the course, looking for tracks that only they could see, looking for the fall lines on the steep drops and those particularly bad spots on the course where a special ability would let one pass another rider who was trying to maintain control. To a great extent the machinery is all fairly matched, so it is hard to pick up advantages on the parts, or “components,” of the track where everyone can ride flat out. But if, for instance, there is a place where a sharp crown of hill makes most riders slow



down to keep control going over the face, a certain number of hot shoes will pass there by hitting the crown full tilt, going by the other riders in midair and maybe only touching with the rear wheel 60 or 70 feet down the face of the hill and not till then easing the front wheel down for stability. It seems unwarranted to use the word "stability" in any connection here, but the fine riders bring to the most elaborate forms of violence a kind of order.

Balance. In the pits a good American rider was climbing around on his motorcycle. Its kickstand was up. In other words, if he got off the bike and let it go, it would fall over, just as a bicycle would. But here he was, the bike at rest, climbing over the front fender and onto the gas tank, standing on the seat with one or two fingers resting on a handlebar. A handful of people watched in awe. A few yards away two team riders from Sweden watched quietly; they sat on their machines, their hands in their laps. I noticed that nothing held their bikes up either. If you would like to test the difficulty of this, go out for a ride on your bicycle, come gradually to

a stop, and when the bicycle has reached a full stop, don't get off and don't put a foot down for support; just sit there until Walter Cronkite arrives.

By now some of the riders were off alone, "concentrating themselves," as one described it. And every few minutes another of the big bikes would crank up and fill the air with its sten-gun noise and shut off. Here and there a rider would be putting on the padded pants or the high racing boots or a jersey with

a number or emblem: the British flag, the peace symbol, the crown of Sweden, a portrait of Beethoven. A few riders had fastened to the crowns of their helmets silk scarves that would stream behind them as they raced. There was already pressure here sufficient to change the minds of those who might have heretofore thought they'd go in for motocross. It was horribly tense.

The adrenalin addicts were getting ready to ride or getting ready to watch: symbiosis. And yet, talking to riders, you quickly saw that a lot of Secret Lives were being led. One was accustomed to meeting a doctor or a lawyer or a college professor wheeling a competition motorcycle down out of a truck. Not that this is the norm. Typically, a motocrosser in this country is a young man with a near-mystical interest in rapid machinery. It is a duelist's game.

If you were a sociologist and had to get your profile in by Monday or drop the course, and your thesis supervisor were a disciple of Herbert Marcuse, you would watch the racing and then issue the following pronouncement: "Here we see the quintessential America: frenetic, speeding round and round a course that produces no forward progress; obsessive technological concerns related solely to a primitive form of personal competition producing material waste, anxiety, hyperaesthesia, wrecked motorcycles and bad breath."

Some of the younger American riders who were concentrating themselves preferred to concentrate themselves with one of those troubling little California girls at their sides. The girls appeared to be

continued





RIDERS *continued*

concentrating themselves as well, staring out quite blank from between parallel lengths of perfect hair that they had straightened on the ironing board at home. But very soon now one must go fire up the bike and do it. One must put Sherri or Staci to the side and race.

The two-stroke crackle added voice after voice as the riders prepared. There was a general ripple of hard, harsh noise and every moment or so another motorcycle appeared and jogged down the muddy track between the rows of vans. Some last bit of preparation, the fastening of a chin strap, the pulling-down of goggles, was saved for the starting line; but now there were more and more bikes headed that way, riders threading their way through the spectators with friends walking alongside, talking to the riders who were thinking more than answering.

High on an infield hill a cluster of loud-speakers began talking with mounting excitement of the 500 International, now about to be run off. And the riders streamed from the pits and down along a small muddy creek to the terrifying noise that was the starting area. The spectators, the pawkers, began to desert the pits and I was hanging back just a little

longer watching the mechanics throw tools into the backs of trucks and then themselves start toward the course. Even on the faces of the factory team mechanics some apprehension showed.

Ready to run. This was the variety, the 500 International. The starting line, funneling maybe 50 riders toward a maniacal bottleneck, was still beyond my vision. I could see the blue pall rising from the 50 or so screaming racing engines, rising, rising with the shriek, the more than shriek, the downright millennial thunder of high-tune motocross bikes, the prepotent Swedish Husqvarnas, the Czechoslovakian CZs, the German Maicos, the Suzukis among the innumerable Japanese bikes, and the British BSAs. I ran out from among the tracks in the pit with their declarations and marques emblazoned in carted, speeding letters, ran with pit mechanics to the start, got enough elevation to look down into the little California glen among newly greening wet hills that gently heaved up a pretty burden of oak and manzanita. There before me a wandering white string of egglike rising helmets on determined forward-leaning heads, knobby racing tires thrust for-

ward under short, utilitarian fenders, myriad riders in jerseys of every Aquarian color, Swedish leather pants, the smell of bean oil from the two-stroke engines, the blue pall beginning to rise against the hills, and the more than shriek now coming away from any hint of the harmonic as the starting flag is raised slowly and all the riders put their weight forward over the handlebars and every engine is free-revving in something aurally so close to the utterly berserk that you feel shock waves of sound against your chest.

And that little bit of white cloth on a stick comes down; and the string of egg-shell helmets wavers and bulges at the center and breaks up, and uncountable fountains of dirt rooster tail behind a peaking string of motorcycles wheel-standing and fishtailing down toward the God-awful funnel where suddenly they are packed, a rider is down, cowering perilously next to his wiped-out motorcycle, then in an instant miraculously alone in the mud as the race has utterly vanished in a stream of still-mounted riders posting, leaping and wheelstanding over the first hill. And gone.

Next to you, normal human voices



are audible; the cloud of engine smoke hangs disembodied, by itself. Then the noise, diminished, rushes back, and you look across a rolling infidel to see, above the greenery, the brilliant jerseys, the vibrating torsos. And again: gone.

Still farther past where you have just seen this string of racers, and associated them with the ears' urgent messages, you see a hand of brown rising what seems vertically against a broad hill face, like a curtain—broad green with a plain, vertical brown band. Then instantly, there are riders on this too, and it is an assault with at least two riders unable to control acceleration enough to keep from backflipping very nearly in the course of the oncoming blitzkrieg. But no one is hit, and the downed riders coast their bikes toward the bottom to start them, then swirl around and hack into the typhoon. And once more, gone.

These pack perspectives don't last very long. There are some places where the whole field rushes under your very feet in a deep, thoughtlike part of the course, places where what is wrought and bucolic in the landscape becomes, by the magic of the 20th century, a hellhole. For the short while that there is still this formation, it is quite safe to cross the track if you know that the pack is somewhere else; but gradually things break up; the riders string out and you are never sure when one of the iron monsters will leap into some optical eminence and be gone, the jersey a brilliant rectangle, shrinking and vanishing.

When the pack has once strung out, you may do one of two sensible things: try to figure out who is leading or walk around the course looking for particular loci where something you want to see done on a motorcycle actually is done every few seconds. A sophisticated minority carrying walking sticks that open into seas and very possibly even wearing an Aquascutum and an A&F crushable rain hat and around the neck a pair of Leitz Trinovids that sets them plumb gaga at the Audubon Christmas hard count—a sophisticated minority. I say, will have posted themselves at some discriminating spot where thousands of cubic centimeters of outlandish motorcycle engine displacement and potency will leap and fly as though to their command.

My own favorite was a hill so steep that 10 feet behind its crown only an unmarked expanse of California sky was

available as a view. You would not go down this hill on your Flexible Flyer with any less conviction of doom than you would have going over Niagara Falls in a herring barrel. And yet the best motocrossers were gassing it as they went down, again, lifting the front wheel with acceleration. Everyone had a favorite spot where he thought he was watching the utter ragged edge; this was mine.

It seemed to me that with the best riders, I was seeing something close to a dream view of man and vehicle. No one watching one of the great Swedish riders come crossed up off the crown of a hill under maximum power and nearly proloqueting in the air to change the bike's alignment so that it would track when it landed could disagree. My own sporting proclivities run more to the contemplative; but to be blind to these racers' feats was to miss something implicit in all of our routine transportation which was apotheosized in such hands.

Not that you have such reflective instincts while you are watching. Mainly you are astounded. The bikes and bright jerseys come in on luminous waves of sound, rushing at you and past down over hills, pitching and posting over gulches that deepen toward impossibility with the accretion of laps. Riders drop out, exhaust themselves and make mistakes. But a minority never tires, never seems to; a few sprint through the wearying pack with almost perverse loft and energy and among those riders are those who will win and place.

The first heat, or "moto," was over with. Visually, aurally and emotionally exhausted, I wandered back through the pits, among the trucks of the racing teams, the precisely uniformed Japanese mechanics with their exact haircuts, the Americans looking like everything from General Pershing to St. Francis of Assisi on an off day, and the Scandinavians: bearded woodlanders. The racers were streaming in between the trucks, coasting or chugging in on first gear, weary engines crackling like automatic rifles, faces utterly obscured by mud save where goggles left a raccoon white. The bikes poured around me and I kept on, past the Husqvarna pit where a pretty girl in bell-bottoms offered me a program, past tents, awning pavilions and chemical field toilets, to the first grass I hit and where I wouldn't for the moment smell or hear an engine. And there was a barn and a big, well-made corral and half a

dozen horses nosed into a fresh offering of hay.

I walked on around the barn and up a slope behind it and sat on the heavy exposed roots of an oak that was leaning up to keep itself perpendicular to the east of hillside. Between me and the barn were two long watering troughs, and as I watched, racers wandered over to it and tossed their crash helmets. It was a rainy day on the mid-Pacific coast of North America. I was watching a



few racers of totally unspecificable geographic origin dressed in fantasy colors wash crash helmets in stock-watering troughs. Behind them stood an old, powerfully shaped, low-slung California barn. To the right of it I looked upon a cluster of horses, dark and shiny on top where they had been rained on. The barn was big enough that I could not from my position see the racing pits, though I could hear the crackle of combustion, amplified by the expansion-chamber exhaust systems; but an elevation of the eyes showed, for a full circle, lift after lift of new green hills, of mantling oak, of filamentous and gentle fog in troughs and passes.

END

Part 2: DIRTY BASEBALL

by A. B. (HAPPY) CHANDLER
with JOHN UNDERWOOD

GUNNED DOWN BY THE HEAVIES

Durocher's suspension triggered Chandler's downfall. The owners didn't mind losing Leo—but they didn't want a strong commissioner

My disenchantment with Leo Durocher began long before the spring of 1947, when I suspended him from baseball for a year. I could have made it for life. I said at the time that I did it to "keep him from killing somebody." I meant exactly that. In many ways Leo Durocher, then manager of the Brooklyn Dodgers, had been a discredit to baseball. He had performed the misdeeds of 10 men. But if you had read the New York papers, you would have thought I had dropped the guillotine on Albert Schweitzer. Poor Leo.

Well, I know Leo Durocher. He is a slick-dressing, glad-tongued swashbuckler who never went into a place looking as though he owned it. He didn't give a damn who owned it. In retrospect I'm not sure that suspension didn't save him. I think he's been a better boy since.

I had no trouble making up my mind to suspend Durocher. Frequently in politics I had made tougher decisions. There was, for instance, the time when I refused as governor of Kentucky to commute a death sentence. Ten minutes before the condemned man went to his death he wrote me a letter saying, "I appreciate the closin'—he spelled it that way, I'll never forget it!"—"consideration you gave my case. I don't want you to be too deeply concerned about me. I've made my peace with God. I'm guilty. I

killed them fellows without cause. I wished I hadn't, but I killed them. I don't want you to feel sadly, because you are only carrying out your duty. It wasn't your fault, it was mine."

Now, do you think for one moment that after something like that, I would have lost any sleep over the likes of Leo Durocher?

I knew Leo had a hair-trigger temper. He was on the defensive all the time—against the fans, the umpires, everybody. The first time Leo ran afoul of me was when he was accused of beating up a fan under the stands in Brooklyn and breaking his jaw. This young fellow had called him names all day, but a ballplayer or manager has to get used to verbal abuse, and the story Durocher told did not inspire confidence. He admitted that he chased the fellow, but said the man hurt himself falling on wet cement. There was a trial and he was acquitted. He paid the boy off—\$6,750—not to continue the case in civil court.

A close shave, but it didn't end there. Leo's trespasses began to repeat themselves. He was constantly in a row with one umpire or another, he was prone to use his fists more than a man ought to and his marital affairs were well publicized. Some time before I suspended him I gave him the names of undesirable people he should never again be





seen with—Memphis Engelberg, Connie Intermian, Bernie Siegel, Joe Adonis and others, including George Raft.

Raft came to see me about "this Durocher thing." I liked him, but I saw no reason to argue with him. I said, "George, do you have a contract in baseball?"

He said "No."

I said, "Then, George, go away, please. If Durocher plays cards for money and gambles, I have to be concerned with him but not with you. So please, just go away."

He said, "But I got a bum rap."

I said, "I didn't give it to you."

After that, Durocher went to Havana for spring training, and in a column ghostwritten by Harold Parrott, the traveling secretary of the Dodgers, he declared war on the New York Yankees and especially Larry MacPhail. He had seen MacPhail in the box-seat section next to two gamblers at the Havana hall park and he complained that a double standard existed.

Branch Rickey joined him in the dispute. MacPhail countercharged that Durocher's conduct was detrimental to baseball. Recriminations flew, and some feelings were hurt beyond repair. The relationship between MacPhail and Rickey finally deteriorated to the point that neither ever spoke to the other again.

One day I got a call concerning Durocher from Frank Murphy, the Supreme Court justice, an honorable and honored man. I've never revealed this before, but I imagine that Murphy, who is dead now, wouldn't mind my telling it. He said, "Commissioner, you are a man of character. You must do something to stop this fellow." I said I would. Murphy, who was a Catholic—and at this point a very angry Catholic—said, "If

you don't, I'm going to advise the Catholic Youth Organization to prohibit its youngsters from going to ball games this year." The CYO subsequently did withdraw from the Dodger Knothole Club but returned almost immediately when Burt Shotton was named Durocher's successor.

I thought for a long time about how I should handle Durocher. I came to the conclusion that more than one person ought to be shaken by whatever action I took in his case. Accordingly, on April 9, less than a week before the season was to begin, I fined the two war-rung clubs, the Dodgers (Rickey) and Yankees (MacPhail), \$2,000 apiece, a lot of money in those days; I fined Parrott \$500 for being involved in things which were not his business. (I later gave Parrott back his \$500.) I suspended Chuck Dressen, the Yankee coach. And for his accumulation of sins, I suspended Leo Durocher for a year. Then I ordered all parties silenced.

As expected, the New York columnists hastened to defend their fallen hero. *TIME* magazine summed up the situation accurately enough. "Commissioner Chandler," it wrote, "had done the seemingly impossible: he had made Leo Durocher a sympathetic figure." I must admit I didn't think anybody could do that.

But we Americans are a peculiar people. We are for the underdog no matter how much of a dog he is. Denny McLain got all the sympathy after his suspension and the loyal, hard-working catcher, Bill Freehan, who just happened to agree in print that McLain was not exactly Little Lord Fountleroy, got the boos.

Two and a half weeks after the Durocher episode they had Babe Ruth Day at Yankee Stadium—the day when the great Ruth, nearing death, a shadow of a man leaning pathetically into the microphone, said his goodbyes, that gravely, rasping voice barely audible. I was advised by friends that my popularity

BAD GUYS of field and screen Leo Durocher and George Raft were pulling around as early as the Louisa-Goody rematch in 1940.

—Richard



COMMISSIONER WITH "GRASS ROOTS" OWNERS HACK AND GRIFFITH AT 1949 DINNER

in New York was not at its zenith and that if I went I would be booed. I said I would be there, boos or no boos.

They booed, all right. My, how they booed. But I was going to have my say and eventually I did, short as it was. And then a funny thing happened. The boos began to subside, and they began to cheer. And the cheering got louder. So I lived. And the suspension lasted.

Under the circumstances, I could have been more severe with Durocher. But I could not have been less severe. Durocher didn't run a red light, he ran 100 red lights. In my opinion he was at a point where he thought he was beyond the law, that he was bigger than baseball itself. If I had it to do over, I'd suspend him again.

To Leo's credit, he never came crying to me. A year after his suspension, when the Dodgers dedicated their spring training site at Vero Beach, Fla., Rickie tried with indifferent success to get us to make up. He took me to where Leo was standing at the batting cage and we shook hands. I said, "Good luck, Leo," and he said, "Thank you, commissioner." And that was it. He was back and it was over.

We never met again until 2½ years ago, when we just happened together in the corridor of a San Francisco hotel. And it was the same sort of scintillating

conversation: "Hello, commissioner." "Hello, Leo." And we shook hands. Later some newspapermen teased Durocher about his performance. They said, "You're always talking about what you're going to do to Chandler. You all but begged him." I'm told Leo replied, "My first impulse when we shook hands was to take my free hand and hit him."

I don't think he meant that, of course, but I have some very loyal friends in Kentucky, and one of them is a husky fellow named Frank Hare, a construction boss in Lexington. He was with me at the time, and he later read what Durocher said. He sat down immediately and wrote Durocher, saying, "Mr. Durocher, my name is Frank Hare, and I live at such and such an address, and I was standing in the lobby behind Governor Chandler when you shook hands with him in San Francisco. I noticed you're quoted as regretting you didn't take your free hand and hit Governor Chandler. If you so desire, I will arrange to have that scene set up again at whatever time and place you choose, because if you are so inclined, I would take great pleasure in knocking your head off."

We never heard any more from Leo. The tragic, funny thing about the Durocher suspension was that in the end it probably served to weaken my position as commissioner of baseball rather than

strengthen it—at least in terms of the owners' support. Not that they minded being rid of Leo for a year. They never complained about that. But they didn't want a strong commissioner. I found that out. So you might say that in the end Leo won and I lost, because he's still in baseball; I'm not.

I have always believed that the game of baseball deserves—demands—to be kept as free as possible of questionable influence or association. Shortly after I entered office I issued an advisory against attendance at racetracks. I didn't want my players to risk the appearance of evil. I said this even though I came from a racehorse state and enjoyed going to the races myself. But I didn't go while I was commissioner. My wife and daughter Mimi went out to Churchill Downs one Saturday and had their picture taken there, and somebody said, "What about this?" And I said, "Which club do they play for?"

If baseball is a game of the people, then you should listen to what the people say. Fred Saigh owned the St. Louis Cardinals, and when he got control of the club he swelled up with importance, trying to act like the big personalities he was now associating with. Saigh was the kind of fellow who was either at your feet or at your throat.

He once wanted to schedule a Sunday night game to make up a rained-out date with Brooklyn. I told him if he tried that, the people would rise up against him. The major leagues had long ago reached an accommodation with the churches for dividing up their Sundays: no day games until after church was out, no night games to interfere with church functions. I told Saigh if he got the church people on him they might get mad and make him quit playing on Sunday altogether. Reluctantly, he decided not to play.

In the 1946 World Series the Cardinals' manager, a fellow named Eddie Dyer, used a very vulgar expression as a preamble to an argument with an umpire. Some ladies in a box seat next to mine heard it. One of them turned to me and said, "Commissioner, can't you do anything about that?"

I said, "Not right now, but I can assure you it won't pass unnoticed."

I went to Dyer after the game. I said, "Eddie, you are a manager of a World Series team, the greatest ambition of any

continued

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manager in baseball. You may even take the world championship"—he did, too—"and in that position you have an obligation to the game to refrain from this sort of conduct. If it is repeated, I will have to take drastic action. That means taking you out." I didn't have to. Dyer was not dumb.

I cautioned all my managers that they were responsible not only for their own conduct but also that of their men on the field. I said a good manager, a man of character, would also be responsible for the conduct of his men off the field because he would set an example.

My principal concern was with the integrity of baseball. When they fired me—"did not reflect me" was their euphemism—the undercurrent of complaint was not of the game's good name. The whippersnappers of petty gripes (I "made a fuss because Joe Page slipped beer" in the dressing room after the World Series, I "took too much credit" for everything, etc.).

But there is no doubt in my mind that Del Webb deserves the credit for my undermining. His construction company built the Flamingo Hotel in Las Vegas and I investigated to make sure that Webb's involvement with the gambling center ended there. This seemed a sensible and understandable precaution, but Webb was furious, and he and Dan Topping and Fred Saigh led the palace revolution. They never got a majority backing of the owners, but they didn't need that.

My contract was up for renewal at the winter meetings at St. Petersburg, Fla. in 1950. Joe Williams, the columnist, had conducted an informal poll some time back and it was strongly in my favor. I anticipated an easy victory. But Webb had done his work well. The vote was nine for me, seven against, therefore against me, since I needed approval by three-fourths of the owners. I suppose, now, that it was easy to convince some of the owners that in any issue with the commissioner's office they were going to come in second. This was their chance to come in first. They won.

Clark Griffith was on the phone that night. He hadn't been at

the meeting. "What's going on down there?" he said. I told him "They can't do that," he said "Hold tight. You're the commissioner and you're going to stay commissioner."

I agreed to ask for another vote. I wouldn't have, but I felt then that I had an obligation to the people who supported me. My contract had 16 months to run, so there was time. The final vote came three months later at the spring meeting in Miami Beach. Mr. Griffith and some of the others were confident of new support. The owners closeted themselves in the conference room of the Shoreline Hotel and, after taking the vote, sent John Galfbreath to fetch me in for the announcement. Again it was nine to seven for me, short of the necessary majority. I sat facing the owners at a long table and I had my say.

I told them that I had not sought the job of commissioner of baseball and would not seek to keep it against their wishes. I said that the record would show that we had made substantial progress in the past six years, that I was certain I had not done one thing to lessen the

respect people had for baseball. I said, "If any of you fellows know of anything I have done that has reflected adversely on the integrity of the sport I challenge him to speak now."

All remained silent.

I told them that I thought it was a dangerous thing to let a minority of owners control a sport. I told them that I hadn't expected to please them all, but I had expected to earn their respect and I had not determined in what way I had failed, if any. I said, "None of you has pointed out a failure."

I went down the line, one at a time—Webb, Perini, DeWitt, Topping, etc.—asking them to speak up. None did. I got up and put on my hat and said goodbye to those I wanted to say goodbye to. The others I passed over. Webb and Mr. Wrigley offered to get me a sandwich and a Coca-Cola. Webb was, quite suddenly, very solicitous. I told him I wasn't hungry.

I wasn't choked up. I had anticipated this turn of events. I left the room and walked down the steps to the lobby, and there was Jocko Conlan, the umpire, looking up at me and knowing. Tears were running down his cheeks. That hurt.

It was over but, as they say, the memory lingers. I got a letter from Clark Griffith that I am proud of. He said, "Happy. I was raised in the West and have seen many games played with stacked decks. This was one. . . . It was clear to everybody there that when the meeting was over you were the biggest man in the room."

And Branch Rickey wrote, "It is my firm belief that throughout the country you have greater popular support now than you had when you became commissioner, and if I know you at all, you will continue to grow both in personal friendships and public service."

For myself, of course, it was not so bad. My disappointment was keen, but it was short-lived. The owners considered J. Edgar Hoover to take my place as commissioner. He declined, saying, "After the way you treated Governor Chandler, I wouldn't touch it with a 10-foot pole." For a



CHANDLER STROLLS NEAR HIS OLD KENTUCKY HOME

continued



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CHANDLER continued

while it almost seemed that they couldn't find a successor.

Had it been left to me, I would have chosen—this will surprise you—Bill Veck. Bill might have been unorthodox, but he would have run baseball the way it should be run. The owners were scared to death of him. So they voted in Ford Frick. There was a vacancy, and the owners decided to continue with it.

There is no telling how much damage those wild men did to baseball. They typified the new breed of "sportsmen" who were there to make money. To make it yesterday, not tomorrow. Saugh, in fact, had to go the penitentiary for income-tax evasion.

There is little doubt that baseball has been outstripped by pro football as the national pastime. Expansion has been a disaster to the minor leagues and injurious to many big-league teams of marginal financial power because it has been helter-skelter. The only way to make baseball sound is to completely realign the leagues into leagues with contiguous rivalries: Boston against other teams in the East, Los Angeles against other teams in the West, Kansas City against teams in the center, etc. How can a San Francisco fan get worked up over an impending visit of the Philadelphia Phillies?

The reserve clause is threatened now because it is out of date, and there has been just enough self-policing of then affairs on the part of the major leagues to warrant government intervention. The question of hoodlum influence, accentuated by the McLean case, is a growing shadow over the game, and I suspect the only answer is to one day have a federal commissioner. That may be baseball's salvation.

I have at long last reached the statutory age of senility, and I am sure there are people who think I have lost some of my marbles. I have, counting all, followed the course I charted for myself almost to the letter. Looking back, I wouldn't change a jot for anything. I have been called headstrong and egotistical, and my wife Mildred is sure she was put on Earth to hold me down, to let the air out every now and then. No doubt she is right. But I have been going, and winning, all my life.

I am running again for governor of Kentucky in order to give the people a little better chance than they have now. I expect to win. As I said, I am an optimistic

fellow. I am sure some of this was inherited from my father, Joseph S. Chandler. My father is in Heaven now, but if they aren't playing baseball there he isn't having much fun. He never played much himself, he was such a screwy little fellow, but he was a fan all his life. He enjoyed my triumphs in politics, but I don't think he enjoyed anything as much as he did the day I introduced him to Connie Mack. He was speechless.

The two of us went through a lot together, collecting steel ribs. My mother left him when I was 4, and I can recall the moment as though it were yesterday. I was sitting on the bed, one of those old-fashioned double feather beds that keep you so warm in winter, and I could hear the voices. My father was preparing to take my mother to the train, and he asked if she wanted the children. "I'll take Robert," she said. "No, take them both or leave both. I'll not have them split up," my father said. "I'll take Robert but not Albert," my mother insisted. "He looks too much like you."

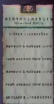
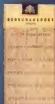
For 75 years my father served the people of Corydon, where I was born, in a variety of roles, one of which called for him to cut the grass in the graveyard and around the church. I watched him progress from the hand scythe to machinery and the rotary power motors that are so devastating. One day he put his right hand in to extract a stick and came out 3½ fingers short.

I was governor at the time. When I heard the news I rushed over to Corydon trying to frame in my mind some words of commiseration. While I was still a long way off I saw my father and knew immediately that I need not have worried. He held up that mangled hand and shouted, "Look, son, how much I have left!"

That is the sort of optimism I inherited from my father. Despite my troubles from baseball I accumulated a wealth of friends—some unforgettable characters like Gabe Paul, Jim Gallagher, the Griffiths, the Macks, Horace Stoneham, the Dreyfuss family, Frank McKinney, Torchy Torrence of Seattle, John McHale and the Briggs family and the Wrigleys and Comskeys and, of course, my assistant as commissioner, Dick Butler—and a basement full of memorabilia. I think about those things, those people, those memories and I have to say to myself, "Look how much I've got left."

END

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*Regular
or Menthol*

Regular: 20 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine; Menthol: 21 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Nov., '70.

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Ford gives you better ideas. (A better idea for safety: Buckle up.)

Erlich Segal, Yale professor (but mostly author of *Love Story*), has made it through another Boston Marathon—he has run in 15 of them—but this year his loneliness was enlivened by a girl who shouted as he passed Wellesley. "This is your penance, you chauvinist pig!" Nice guys finish last, Chauvinist pigs, it turns out, finish 489th.

◆ *Memo to The Irish Times:*

It's about that conversation poem you received in the mail from one **Harley Quinn** of the U.S. We know who the real Harley Quinn is, he is **James Cagney**, who retired from the movies years ago, never makes public appearances and is contentedly breeding horses on his upstate New York farm. Cagney is intensely worried about our environment and, in a break from his usual practice, is permitting us to identify the poet by his real name. The poem:

You want to see the
Shannon like the Hudson?
Or the Liffey just as filthy
as the Seine?
Then bring in the arrogant
angels
And their garbage and their
games,
With pollutants plunging
poison down each drain,
Killing everything that's
living.
For which Nature's
unforgiving,
And the punishment will
certainly fit the crime
When Man, the creeping
cancer,
Will have to make the final
answer
As he smothers in his self-
created slime.

Here comes **Couch Hank Stram**, strolling around Palm Beach, Fla. with his wife and another couple. Hank is carrying a camera and his wife is carrying a large, yellow, flowered bag. Mrs.

Stram spots a house she wants to photograph; she takes the camera and asks Hank to hold her bag. This is the moment, naturally, when a couple of teenage girls pass by.

"Hey," says one of them. "Isn't that Hank Stram, the coach of the Kansas City Chiefs?"

"Which one?" her companion asks.

"That one," says the first girl. "The guy with the yellow purse."

Photokinetic and Space Intelligence Man of the Week (not too many contenders in this category) is **Ted Owens** of Norfolk, Va. Owens signs himself P. K. Man, meaning photokinetic, and has been described as "basically a legal secretary who's also been a knife-thrower in a carnival and a rafter in Miami." However, none of these neat pursuits seemed to bring in much money, so back in February Owens decided to cast a spell upon the Baltimore Colts. And charge \$100,000 to unhelm them. Now, was it Owens' fault that **John Unitas** tore his Achilles' tendon. **Sam Mattie** got appendicitis and **Sam Harellak** sprained his ankle? Well, when a Philadelphia



writer challenged Owens to "prove you can do something" the P. K. Man announced he would hex **Tom Woodeshick** of the Eagles, and within 15 minutes Woodeshick was ejected from the game for fighting. **Colt Owner Carroll Rosenbloom** has dropped Owens a polite note requesting him to remove Baltimore from his list of losers. "If you will advise me as to a course of action which we could follow... I will do whatever I can to comply," Rosenbloom wrote. But the question seems to be: will he come across with the \$100,000?

At Washington & Lee they've finally got that skeleton out of the closet. Back in 1872, two years after the death of **Robert E. Lee**, the general's favorite horse, **Traveler**, also died. For many years the horse's assembled bones were on display at the Lee Museum—folks used to enjoy that sort of thing—but then they were put into storage in 1963. Now the skeleton has been suitably and finally buried, complete with marker, in a spot, we are happy to report, not far from the Lee family crypt.

◆ "America Is..." was the theme of the fashionable Cleveland Skating Club's annual ice show, held this year to raise money for the Olympics. Among the things the club felt America was was **Bob Feller**, out there on the ice pitching a plastic ball to local Little Leaguers. Without spikes—or skates. "This is more dangerous than facing Joe DiMaggio with the bases loaded," Feller observed. Which shows how long it's been since he's faced DiMaggio with the bases loaded.

This week's **Folkiness Award** (the **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** frisky-wooly mauler) goes to **Ornole Third Baseman Brooks Robinson** for his remarks at a Saints and



Sinners banquet gathering in his honor in Baltimore. "I been aroun' the world—Kentucky twice," Brooks confided. "Been to two great ropin's, three chicken pluckin's, and I never seen nothin' like this in all my born days!" We figured this beat **Harold Morris** (**Gomer**) **Hodge** of the Indians, with his explanation that his home town of Rutherfordton, N.C. was located "somewhere 'tween Asheville an' Spartanburg, but a whole lot closer to Spindule, Sandy Mush and Frog Level." We figured that way because Robinson's quote had more words in it.

"We're getting old, with nothing to do," a gray-haired witness identified as **Grandma Kelly** told the Illinois state legislature recently. "I don't smoke or drink or go to racetracks. We've got to have Bingo." Well, after that the legislature voted for the second year in a row to legalize Bingo. So if Governor **Richard Ogilvie** vetoes the measure—for the second year in a row—it's all his fault if **Grandma Kelly** takes up smoking and drinking and going to racetracks.

The Brat is a winner for old USA



DEAN STANKY CHECKS RATTLE STARS HE HAS AWARDED THE GIFTED GLENN BORGSMANN

Now, just what in the name of Leo Durocher is Eddie Stanky doing down there in Mobile among the azuleos and the dogwood at—now get this—the University of South Alabama?

Well, to begin with, as the baseball coach he says he is helping put the U. of S.A. "on the map," and in the bargain he says he is helping rid the U.S. of A. of "our national scourge"—drugs or whatever it is kids are taking these days instead of low outside pitches. Thus, anyway is how Stanky sees his job. He will not even cut anybody off his squad, reckoning that the insect are better off booting grounders on the ball fields than ingesting hallucinogens off it. Stanky is carrying more than 50 boys on his roster, or about twice as many as can be found on an ordinary college baseball team. And God and the breaks of the game willing, he'll play them all. In a recent game with outmached Gannon College of Erie, Pa. Stanky used 28 players in an unsuccessful attempt to keep the score down. USA won 25 to 2.

"There's no place like the athletic field for a young fellow," says Stanky, who grew to maturity at Ebbets Field and the Polo Grounds. "It's one of the few places left where a boy can learn discipline. If I cut my squad, I leave 30 or 40 kids roaming around with nothing to do but get into trouble."

Admittedly, this sounds a bit more like Father Flanagan than the feisty little umpire-buster once known as the Brat. But if Stanky is exercising some hith-

erto unrealized missionary zeal, South Alabama could not be happier. His team is ranked as one of the 20 best in the country—"not bad for what I call a Johnny-come-lately school," says Stanky. Gifted athletes whose normal response to invitations to visit the USA campus had been "Where?" are now asking "When?". Stanky being the magic word. And his contacts with major league scouts have brought ballplayers to the school who might now be doing time in the minors. Most prominent among these is a 210-pound catcher from Paterson, N.J. named Glenn Borgsmann who was hitting .464 with 12 home runs after 32 games this season. His throwing arm is so mercilessly accurate that he tossed out the first 17 runners who attempted to steal on him this year.

South Alabama did not have far to look for Stanky; he and his wife Dickie have been living in Mobile for the past 29 years. So when the White Sox replaced him as their manager 79 games into the 1968 season, the Stankys headed south to wait for the offers to roll in. They did not, at least not in the profusion he had hoped for. One of the first that did arrive, surprisingly, came from Florida State University, a major baseball school. Stanky, whose education stopped short of the college level, rejected it, but he was sorely tempted. If big-leaguers like Enos Slaughter and Bobby Richardson could coach college teams, maybe he should, too. Even as a manager at Chicago and, before that,

St. Louis, Stanky had exhibited symptoms of latent pedantry. Besides, he'd read what was happening on campuses these days, and he was eager to save a few souls. When USA's eager young athletic director, Dr. Mel Lucas, called him some five days after the Florida State offer, Stanky was ready to talk.

"They asked me what it would take to build one of the best baseball programs in the country, and I told them. They were very receptive."

Lucas, who had been reluctantly coaching the team himself was more than receptive; he was ecstatic. "Put on your television blue," he advised USA President Frederick P. Whiddon, "we've just hired Eddie Stanky."

The publicity value of employing a major league manager to coach his baseball team was not lost on the bustling Whiddon, a former American Junior Chamber of Commerce Outstanding Young Man. A fast-growing college can always use a celebrity, even if he's only on the ball field. Not that USA had not done well without Stanky. When the school opened in 1964 there were 900 students attending classes in a single building. Under Whiddon's stewardship enrollment has climbed to 5,200, and there are at least seven major academic buildings on 1,200 acres of bud-strewn campus. And Whiddon has just got himself a medical school. Can a football team be far off?

Stanky does not enjoy professional status, naturally, but he does appear reg-

ularly as a guest lecturer in Lucas' course on The Theory of Baseball. The Stunky classroom manner is distinguished by overwhelming sincerity and he occasionally breaks new academic ground, as in a recent lecture when he uncovered a novel scientific application for the common pajama.

"I know a lot of you boys are in the habit of

body warm while sleeping. My parents taught me to sleep in pajamas, and they were right. The thing to do is exercise just before going to bed, say your prayers and sleep in your pajamas."

There is a firm base of

is convinced that the arm and wrist exercises—one involves twisting a door-knob—he prescribed for his hitters is a prime reason why most of them are batting around .350. "Strong arms mean a quick bat," he says.

But Eddie Stanky, the savant, can still give way to Eddie the Brat when he slips into uniform. He generously concedes that

games are not up to major league standards and so refuses, he says, to "debate" with them over trifles. But old habits die hard. In a game against *Tu* lane last year he elected to

lane base runner had interfered with one of his infielders. What followed was scarcely a debate.

time-honored big league expletives, lacked sand and, in a final expression of pique, hurled a ball against the backstop. He was ejected.

But such episodes are increasingly rare, particularly when compared with his major league past. Stanky misses his old pals and the competition, but he doubts that he wants to rejoin them. "Look," he says, "I'm still in baseball, I'm close to my family and I think I'm helping my

W J

himself settled in Mobile. "I suppose nobody, not even my wife, believes that, but they'll have to some day.

"The truth is, I really like all this rah, rah stuff."

THE WEEK

by JOE JARES

NL EAST EVERY TIME PITTSBURGH'S Willie Stargell

opposing pitchers, he is going to be handing out a lot of gratis drumsticks. Stargell hit three home runs in one game against Atlanta and another the next night to tie his

consumed), but ex-Astro Rusty Staub of MONTREAL had the Houston fans crying in it when he busted a home run to beat the home town 3-2. Staub was hitting .330 and home town 3-2. Staub was batting .370 and the surprising Expos were in first place, at least temporarily. "I'm just tickled pink about the way we are going about our busi-

said, "and I feel like we've got a club that can win." Newly svelte Joe Torre (198 pounds) extended his season-long batting streak to 18 games, the best by a Cardinal

said second baseman Glenn Beckert. Then the Cubs beat the Mets 7-5 Saturday despite Tommie Agee's grand slam Tom Seaver (3-0) continued to be NEW YORK's mainstay, setting down Cincy 5-2 (with some help from Tug McGraw) and extending his scoreless inning streak to 26 before giving up a run.

ing up a run. PHILADELPHIA was getting good bullpen support from Dick Selma and Joe Hoerner, and Manager Frank Lucchesi was not yet ready to throw in the hot love's

THE WEEK still hurt, Willie McLowery returned to first base for SAN FRANCISCO, allowing Willie Mays to go back to center field, but most of the names in the Giants' lineup were new. Rookie Steve Stone beat the Pirates with a five-hitter, and Ron

Bryant shut them out with a rookie shortstop. This aspect was hitting well and hitting over .300. Manager Charlie Fox, pleased with his youth movement and

may be more inclined to give the veterans an occasional rest." ATLANTA took three from the Phils, and rookie Third Baseman Earl Williams became the first man to hit a hom-

bat, too, and he finished the week just one short of 600 career home runs. LOS ANGELES went out on the road and won six games in seven days without a

to his best start ever (.387 and nine RBIs). "I feel great," said Davis.

house meeting to tell his men to start attacking instead of playing defensively. The Reds, notably Tony Perez and Bernie Carbo, were anemic at the plate.

Larry Dierker, only 16-12 last season but a 20-game winner the year before, brightened HOUSTON's week a little with a five-hit win over the Cubs. The As-

NL WEST stays dormant for long, and when the volcano

especially a ball four on a full count when a third strike would have let him escape the inning without allowing a run. Frantz ejected him from the game for some ab-

continued

If you just want to look good, don't light it.



On the other hand, if you'd like to taste the small, mild cigar with all the flavor of a large cigar, go ahead.

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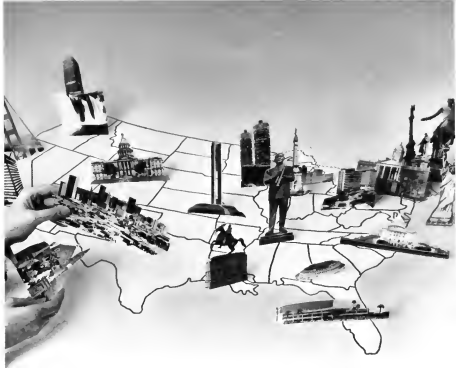
BASEBALL

"I don't think I'll ever be a superstar like Mays or Aaron or Mantle." BALTIMORE looked unbecomingly, fielding poorly and leaving lots of men on base. After the unhappy stay in Detroit, the Birds went out to Anaheim where Coach Billy Humer visited the Angels' clubhouse, started a little horseshy and got slapped by Pitcher Andy Messersmith. However, California was slapped down in two out of three games. Boston's Carl Yastrzemski enjoyed the warm weather, went four for four against the Indians and pushed his batting average up to .362. "Now that I am playing with him and watch him every day," said Luis Aparicio, "I believe Yaz is worth every penny he gets." Sonny Siebert improved his record to 3-0, and the Red Sox victory over Chicago Sunday was their fifth in a row. CLEVELAND needs a stopper, and Sudden Sam McDowell has not been it. Against Kansas City he suffered his third loss without a win. When he left the game he had given up only one hit, but he had walked nine men, three with the bases loaded. "He hasn't been sharp," said Manager Alvin Dark. "We haven't pitched well and we haven't hit well." New York's pinch hitters were one-for-28 through Sunday, but the hot-work of Bobby Murcer was some solace. He was hitting .361, and against the Twins at Yankee Stadium he had a single, a triple and a homer and knocked in three runs.

BALT 10-6 BOST 10-6 WASH 10-7
DET 7-6 NY 6-10 CLEV 5-10

AL WEST Tony Oliva was off on the wrong foot, according to the headline in the *Minneapolis Star*, but MINNESOTA did not mind. The left-handed hitter was raising his left heel slightly, putting most of his weight on his front (right) foot. He started shifting weight in spring training because his heel was sore, but he hit .405 and kept shifting once the season started. Through Sunday he was hitting .366. KANSAS CITY lost three straight one-run games, then got a nice two-day rest and came back to beat the Indians three times. The second victory was a three-hitter by Mike Hedlund, his third win against no losses. Not much was going right for CLEVELAND. Cleanup hitter Bill Melton had not driven in a run in 16 games, and the Red Sox gave Tommy John his fourth straight loss after an opening-day win. John has had trouble in the first inning in each of his starts. "I know we're going to come out of it," said Manager Chuck Tanner, "and nobody's panicking." Good news about the offense was so weak that management brought in two new left-handed hitters, Floyd Wicker and Johnny Briggs. "We were wasting pitching good enough to win," explained Dave Bristol.

OAK 14-6 CAL 6-9 KC 6-9
MINN 9-6 MIL 7-6 CHS 6-12



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The Blackeye Bean Capital of the World has no traffic lights, one movie house, 28 churches and a little boy who holds 16 U.S. records

Whoosh goes the Wasco whiz

Kevin Knox of Wasco, Calif., may well be the most successful runner in the country, holding 16 national records at distances from 440 yards to two miles as well as in the one-hour run. What's more, he's only 5'1" tall and weighs a mere 87 pounds. Kevin (above), it must be said, is all of 11 years old and his records are in various age-group categories. For example, when he was 10 he ran a 64-second quarter mile and an 11:01.2 two-mile, while since his 11th birthday he has done a 2:18.9 half and a 5:05.4 mile.

Kevin belongs to a club known as the Wildkats, which is spelled with a "k" not in honor of Kevin's initials but simply for effect. He isn't the Wildkats' only prodigy. Not long ago, Patricia Dillingham set three national age-group records for 9-year-old girls in one race: 12:21.5 for two miles, 18:39.0 for three miles and 24:59.1 for four.

Dale Knox, Kevin's father, started the Wildkats in 1967 with Kevin as the sole member; 50 boys and girls now belong. "I remember my first workout," says Kevin. "I ran a mile and a half. Dad gave in and let me beat him." Kevin had just turned seven. He won the first of his 40 trophies and 50 medals in a Junior Olympic 440-yard walk when the winner was disqualified. "It came natural to me," Kevin recalls, "just putting that foot down and snapping a buck." In his second race, a 75-yard dash, he was not as fortunate. His father was the starter and when the gun sounded Kevin fell flat on his face.

Last November, Kevin set records for the mile and two-mile in the same race. Was he surprised? "Yeah, I guess so," he says. "I didn't think I would run the mile that slow."

"He never ran anything that surprised me," says Dale Knox, a vice-president

of H. M. Holloway, Inc., which mines gypsum. "Maybe him, but not me. I push him because I know his potential. But I'd be lying if I said I didn't push him because he was my son."

Most of the Wildkats are 9-, 10- and 11-year-olds and they are pushed—if that's the word—in a manner they are too young to be aware of. A 13-mile "marathon" is held once a year and Wildkat T-shirts are awarded to those who finish. "Our whole idea of training," says Brad Tomasini, director of Wasco's park and recreation program and co-coach of the Wildkats, "is to make running fun."

"No one could run that much and be forced into it," says Andy Darby, the track coach at Wasco Union High, who coached Otis Hailey, the former national prep record holder in the high jump (7'11½"). "It's just a big game to them."

Wildkats are frequently seen running 10 miles through the woods singing *Old MacDonald* and *Ore Bad Apple*. Says Dale Knox, "We want them to enjoy themselves. We would never make them run an extra lap as a punishment because that could kill their interest."

Of course, there isn't all that much else of interest in Wasco, which has a population of 8,319 and is located near Bakersfield in the San Joaquin Valley. The town has one movie theater—which recently bore a sign reading NOW OPEN ON FRIDAY AND SUNDAY—and the films are usually in Spanish. Two of the three new-car dealers have gone out of business since January. There are no traffic lights. "We had one up about two years ago," says Dale Knox, "but it confused people and had to be taken down after a few weeks."

Entering Wasco on U.S. 46, you are greeted by a sign reading WELCOME TO WASCO, THE BLACK EYE BEAN CAPITAL OF THE WORLD. On the other side of the road is a water tower with a large red rose painted on it. Wasco prides itself on its roses—and its 28 churches, one for every 300 people. "All empty," says a resident.

Wasco's newest source of pride is the Wildkats. The *Wasco News*, a weekly, gives heavy coverage to the club's exploits although it is handicapped by not having a sports reporter. The paper recently ran an ad offering \$50 a month for the opening, but as one member of

continued

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-an improvement in
Shell gasolines.**

**TCP/2/ helps keep
your car in tune-
for good mileage
and fewer exhaust
emissions.**



1. TCP/2 helps keep your car in tune. This helps hold down exhaust emissions in newer cars, reduce emissions in many older cars—and helps to keep your mileage up.

TCP/2 is Shell's name for a new combination of ingredients—what petroleum chemists call an "additive package." It is an improvement over TCP, the famous gasoline additive developed by Shell some years ago.



Less than a half teaspoon per gallon is enough TCP/2 to do the job

Today almost all gasolines contain additive packages. They differ somewhat in what they do and how well they do it. TCP/2 is an effective additive package that provides an improvement in the performance of Shell gasolines.

The effects of TCP/2 can be summed up as *helping to keep your car in tune*. Two of the main pollutants in your exhaust—carbon monoxide and unburned hydrocarbons—can go up when your car goes out of tune.

It would not be unusual for these emissions to soar as much as 50 percent before you even suspect it. By the time your car tells you it

needs a tune-up, emissions can be extremely high.

By helping your car to stay in tune, TCP/2 helps to stave off that serious increase in emissions.

TCP/2 can also have a favorable effect on gasoline mileage. When your car goes out of tune your mileage tends to go down. TCP/2 works to keep that from happening.

Read on to find out how TCP/2 can actually *reduce* emissions from many older cars—and *increase* their gasoline mileage.

2. TCP/2 keeps new carburetors clean, and helps to clean up dirty ones. Works to hold emissions down and mileage up.

When excessive deposits build up on the "throat" of your carburetor, your engine is no longer in tune. Emissions can rise dramatically, and mileage usually goes down.

If your car is several years old or more, deposits may have built up on your carburetor throat.

Although most of today's gasolines contain detergents that will keep clean carburetors clean, not all of today's detergents can *cut down* on these deposits once they've formed. TCP/2 does have that ability. It contains a new detergent combination that can start to clean up a dirty carburetor with just a few tankfuls of any Shell gasoline.

This can reduce exhaust emissions substantially. And it generally helps mileage, too.

3. TCP/2 in both Shell and Super Shell helps extend spark plug life. This helps to hold emissions down and keep your mileage up.

When spark plugs misfire, a lot goes wrong. Emissions go up, mileage goes down, acceleration is reduced—and you have to buy new plugs.

One of the components of TCP/2 works to prevent spark plug misfire. It combines chemically with certain deposits that build up on your plugs, and keeps those deposits from interfering with the normal spark.

Result: no misfiring caused by deposits to send emissions up and your mileage down (not to mention the good effects on spark plug life and acceleration).

Shell pioneered components of this type and Shell gasolines were the first to contain them.

TCP/2 also helps smooth out rough running in many worn engines that have lost compression.

And one of its components is a special *anti-icing ingredient*. It helps prevent an annoying form of stalling caused by carburetor icing before your engine is fully warmed up on cool, damp days.

4. TCP/2 in non-leaded Shell of the Future helps protect against valve wear.

One reason Shell of the Future can be made with no lead at all is a chemical element in TCP/2. This element works to protect your engine against possible valve wear.

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the paper's three-woman editorial staff admitted. "That's stretching it a bit."

The Wildkats do have a few, largely facetious, detractors. "Those girls run too much," says Timothy Calhoun, a high school sophomore. "You have to wipe the dust off their faces before you can kiss them." And William Stroutingburg, a 10th-grader, says, "I heard Kevin's daddy drove him 100 miles away from home in his jeep, put him out and chased him all the way back to town."

Kevin, who made all A's in his last grading period, generally wins his races by big margins. "There's just no one who can stay with me after a quarter," he says. Indeed, his greatest competition may come from his own family. His 9-year-old brother Todd ran a 73.8 quarter last spring to erase Kevin's 8-year-old record and more recently turned in a 66.8 and a 2:29.6 to break Kevin's quarter- and half-mile marks for 9-year-olds. Then there is 3-year-old Blair, who not long ago slipped away from home, jogged two blocks to the high school track and

ran a half-mile before being missed. More usually, Blair races back and forth from the living room to the bedroom. When the Feb. 9 earthquake shook the Knox house, the climes went off in the living room, awakening Mrs. Knox, who thought Blair had crashed into them during an early-morning workout.

Will Kevin Knox be turned out at 18? There are no answers. Age-group track, which has more than 100,000 active participants and a monthly magazine *Starting Line*, only got under way six years ago as a girls' sport (the boys "liberated" it in 1967) and few studies have been done. Dr. Timothy Craig, chairman of the AMA's National Conference on the Medical Aspects of Sports, thinks Kevin will hold up. In fact, Dr. Craig contends that because Kevin took up track at such a tender age, he "might actually live longer." Dr. James E. Counsilman, swimming coach at Indiana University, who has worked with age-group swimmers, concurs, "if it's a low-pressure program and if there's not too much

psychological stress. Physically, he should be much better because of experience, be more fit and have a better cardiovascular system."

Dale Knox, who still holds the local high school 440 record (59.6) he set in 1952, leaves such matters to others. He's too busy working with the Wildkats. "Kim, you're doing fine," he shouted from trackside during a mass-time trial he held the other day. "You're going to run your alltime best. . . . Atta girl, Pat. . . . Way to go, Mike. . . . A little faster, Sammy." After Kevin had gone a mile and a half, he yelled "8:15" to him, and to Todd "9:20. Keep it up and it'll be 18:40." Dale Knox turned excitedly. "Say, Kevin can do a 17"; then shouted to his son, "You're on a 17 pace, Kes? Now work that backstretch! Let's see what you're made of, tiger."

Kevin ran three miles in 16:38, almost three minutes faster than the listed record for 11-year-olds. His father leaped in the air. "Hot dog!" he shouted. "That surprised me."

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Good old Squaw Valley ranks right up there in the American consciousness with Shirley Temple, the Liberty Bell and, possibly, even deep-dish apple pie. Mention Squaw Valley and people identify immediately with that lofty, clean California setting where, back in 1960, the U.S. staged the best Winter Olympics ever held. The valley was big enough to contain everybody, yet small enough to keep the events intimate and no Winter Games since then has approached that same happy community of nations. It was great fun while it lasted, but the years since have grown progressively more troubled. And now—sentiment, memories and all—the old place is up for sale.

Shoppers for scenic high-mountain real estate already know all the attractions. Squaw Valley: majestic ski resort of vast slopes and meadows, 5,350 acres from ridge to ridge in the Sierra Nevada. Great location near major West

Coast population centers. Good roads. Roughly \$27 million spent on improvements since valley was developed 22 years ago. Specializes in sunshine (well, most of the time) and super skiing. For further details, contact the anxious seller, the State of California. Bring money.

So much for selling points. It is the rest of the deal that is unsettling. For, technically, not all of the valley is available. Two huge chunks of the place are for sale, like pieces of a snowy crazy quilt—a 330-acre patch including the old Olympic Village and extending up the slopes of Papoose Peak, and an 890-acre block on the western ski slopes. With this land the buyer also will get such gadgets as two ski lifts (out of 26 at Squaw Valley), a hotel, a restaurant and a famous old skating arena, Olympic size of course. But in between the two patches of land runs a snarled network of ownership and leases, and a situation further strained by uneasy landlord-tenant relationships, charges and countercharges of mismanagement and unsafe ski lifts, personality clashes, even theft. Squaw Valley has just concluded one of its more troubled seasons since the Olympians packed up their memories and went home.

A key figure in the current drama is Alec Cushing, now 57, the patrician Easterner who came to the valley 22 years ago, made it fashionable, then sold the International Olympic Committee and California (in that order) on hosting the Games. Cushing and his Squaw Valley Development Co. own eight acres, spotted in the valley and another 1,200 acres on the mountainsides; the rest he leases from the state, with the leases good for

17 more years. It is Cushing, more than anyone else, who is responsible for the resort's genteel, shabby-snobish charm.

Another major role is being played by William A. Newsom Sr., also an old-timer, whose Squaw Valley Improvement Corp. leases the Olympic Village hotel, restaurant, movie house and that grand old Blyth Olympic Ice Arena, also until 1988. And that is where California comes in: the state is owner of its own sizable properties, landlord of a lot more and—after losing a total of \$3.3 million in the last 11 years—California wants out.

Cushing, he of the faded blue jeans and bandana knotted carelessly at the throat, is understandably upset by the proposed sale. "What would you bid to lose \$300,000 a year on a property?" he asked last week. He has allowed that he doesn't want to sell his own holdings, but would study "any reasonable offer." Cushing also feels that the valley can be restored to its Olympic eminence despite the dizzy season just ended: one skier was killed in a fall, one ski lift was derailed, an accountant was accused of embezzlement, the chief security officer tried to rob a couple of lodge guests and the state filed suit charging unsafe lift operations, right during the Christmas holiday rush. Another low point came Feb. 28 when Mountain Operations Manager Hans Burkhardt quit, asserting that "everyone knows the lifts there are pieces of junk. They're all falling apart and there's no money available for improvements." Cushing promptly sued Burkhardt for conversion of funds; Burkhardt then countersued for back wages.

Continued



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SKIING *continued*

The crisis has been coming on for a long time. Ever since those golden old days when California invested so heavily in physical equipment and facilities at Squaw Valley—then settled back expecting the revenues to roll in—there have been conflicts on how to run the area. Take the case of KT-22, the 8,200-foot mountain that provided a lively downhill mecca for the Olympians and has long been a favorite ski run. On Feb. 3 of this season, a ski school student, Mrs. Dianne Leonard, 40, slipped from a catwalk on a high KT-22 saddle and fell to her death. It was the second fatality from that area. This sort of thing is agonizing to any ski resort, since danger and thrilling skiing always go together; whether or not an area should be closed can be a matter of icy semantics. Cushing refused to close the saddle, maintaining, "There are plenty of people who can handle the saddle under any conditions and the skier has to be his own judge. We've got some of the best skiers in the world here and we're not going to try to tell them what to do."

There were other safety hassles as well. One of the lifts rebuilt for the 1970-1971 season was the Gold Coast—a double chair running from mid-mountain toward Emigrant Ridge. Along came the busy Christmas season and it was ordered closed by state indictment, which charged that the lift was unsafe, that case is still in process. Then another lift budgeted for a \$14,740 improvement program was derailed on Feb. 5 and eight skiers were injured, one of them still remains partially paralyzed. In the ensuing argument over how to repair the damage, Burkhart quit, claiming his advice on safety measures was rejected. Cushing maintained that Burkhart had squandered more than \$636,000 given him to improve the lifts. Burkhart countered that the figure was more like \$60,000 and that, furthermore, he was owed back wages.

About the time Cushing was replacing Burkhart he also was looking for a new Squaw Valley security chief. It seems the former chief protector had rudely surprised a couple of guests Feb. 25 by appearing in their room and rifling through their belongings, warning them when they awakened to protest, "Be quiet or I'll blow your brains out." Turned out the security chief was a paroled armed robber. he was promptly returned.

to jail. A few weeks ago another lodge employee was charged with making off with \$18,000 in daily deposits. Considering these difficulties, the power failure that hung up the new aerial tram for an hour Dec. 22 was a mere annoyance.

All this served as a stormy backdrop to the sale last week, and then California added one more unique twist to the deal. In order to make the prospect more attractive to a potential buyer, the state recently had traded off some land with the U.S. Forest Service to assemble its 1,220 acres. This action—if the sale does not come off satisfactorily—serves to put California farther into Squaw Valley rather than all the way out. But the state "had a mandate from the legislature to get out," as Cushing says, and so the patchwork deal went on the market with a call for sealed bids.

Last Friday, the legislators began to get an idea of the monster they have created: the sealed bids turned out to be one lonely bid—an offer of \$25,000. The proposal came from San Francisco executive John Fell Stevenson, 35-year-old son of the late Adlai Stevenson, who characterized his offer as "a very serious bid that would relieve the state of a white elephant and put the operation in the black."

California officials have long feared that the state is never going to get its investment back, but the bid admittedly came as something of a shock to legislators who only the day before had been vigorously debating on what to do with the potential multimillion-dollar windfall from the sale of Squaw Valley. Now the state concessions office is expected to "study the offer" for at least a month before recommending any action.

Whatever happens next—whether or not this bid will win or more bids will be sought—it is clear that more wrangling lies ahead before the next ski season. The situation is a shame, since none of it changes the fact that Squaw Valley remains a premier ski resort, with grandly swooping downhill terrain, miles of excellent snow and unparalleled vistas. Plus that memory and tradition from the good old days in the winter of '60 when the world fell in love with the place. But sentiment won't pay the rent. Squaw Valley definitely needs help. Who will save the historic resort? Can anyone?

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Because It's Nowhere

Warren Harding (left) and Dean Caldwell climb for strange reasons but they climbed El Cap for perhaps the best reason of all
by HAROLD PETERSON

Warren J. Harding and Dean Caldwell say mountain climbing is a farce. Considering that they spent 27 days last winter pinned to the face of El Capitan, the sky-obliterating granite monolith guarding the entrance to the Yosemite Valley, their statement has the ring of authority. Still, it is a remarkable assertion coming from two athletes whose climb was the first ascent of the most difficult route up the most difficult rock face in the United States—the sheer, smooth 3,000-foot Wall of the Early Morning Light.

But if Harding and Caldwell couldn't take the feat seriously, some of the rest of the country, especially the three-quarters of it that seems to consist of California, did. The awesome declivity of the precipice, often not merely 90° from the horizontal, but 100° or 110°; the blank inhospitality of the Dawn Wall, the record length of suspension in so alien a situation; three days of wet immobility, trapped by a storm, followed by days of 60- and 150-foot progress; falls of 55 feet taken by each man; the climbers' dismissal of an attempted rescue—all these riveted the attention of people bleared by problems of population, pollution and war.

No one took the climb more seriously than the would-be rescuers, who regarded the route as all but impossible and knew Harding and Caldwell carried only 12 days' rations. When they heard rumors that the two were already badly frostbitten and down to their last two cans of sardines, they mobilized an elaborate plan to pull Harding and Caldwell from the cliff—only to be waved off as imperiously as a fledgling carrier pilot on his first wobbly approach.

Even if the rescuers had pressed their effort, they probably couldn't have reached these two Peck's bad boys of mountaineering in time to avert what ultimately happened anyway, a boisterous wine-drinking celebration (Christian Brothers Cabernet Sauvignon) atop Wine Tower, a rocky way station marking the end of the worst part of the climb, and much raucous laughter at the rest of the mountain-climbing fraternity, as well as at their own maraculous feat.

Although Harding alone has made at least 12 major as-

continued

Nowhere continued

cents, he and Caldwell are simply insufficiently awed by things like the El Capitan climb to qualify as proper heroes. "I was up there on El Cap," reports Harding, "and I said to myself, 'Gee, this is a stupid thing I'm doing.'"

"It's really very boring," Caldwell says. "The reason we succeeded where other attempts failed is that we are able to stand sheer tedium. Pure sloth. Sluggish metabolism. I counted 180 blows as Warren hammered in one rivet, and a bolt takes three times as long. We used 200 rivets and 75 bolts."

The fact that their Morning Light route was probably the most skilled piece of technical climbing ever achieved and that it made them instant celebrities, recognized on New York streets, impresses them a lot—so much so that Harding cues a book by a French climber, titled *Conquistadores of the Useless*, as the perfect summation of their feat. "We find even more difficult means of accomplishing nothing."

For his part Caldwell revels in addressing prestigious groups expecting, in his words, "a dry account of our tepid heroes," in such a fashion as to evoke newspaper headlines like: CONQUERORS OF EL CAPITAN SAVED BY COSMICAL MISTAKE.

When a writer from *Today's Health* interviewed Harding after the climb, his first question concerned health foods the climbers had taken. "Health foods?" Harding asked blankly. Well, there was that bottle of wine, one of brandy, one of champagne, canned chili, garbanzo beans. . . . The line of questioning was abandoned.

"I'm afraid we were rather disappointing to these people," Harding intones sorrowfully. "As a matter of fact, we were so debauched from partying before this climb that we could hardly stagger to the base. We got in condition on the climb itself. There were farewell parties five

nights in a row. The last one was so bad that we never did get up the next day. The climb, therefore, started the following day, and then at 11 in the morning. We only got 250 feet up, but we *had* to start. We couldn't have taken another farewell party."

There is a theory (it may even be theirs) that Harding and Caldwell are at home on rock faces because they are most comfortable when they are parallel to the nearest flat surface—cliffs, floors, sidewalks. Many of the pair's farces, as this suggests, are conducted at ground level. Harding, indeed, is founder and presiding elder of the Lower Sierra Eating, Drinking and Farting Society, which actively espouses such virtues as sloth, gluttony, winebibbing and avarice. Plus others. "Mental conditioning is more important than physical," Harding expounds with a straight face. "Sloth, for example, is very important in climbing—just hanging with it."

Harding is also president emeritus of an organization called Downward Bound. "It originally started as a finishing school for affluent young ladies," he explains, "but we could see no real reason it shouldn't be made coed. Setting your goals too high is an instant route to failure. By the same token the sure way to success is to keep lowering your objectives."

"Of course, there is the concept of rejuvenation," says Beryl Knauth, a comely and bewitching young lady friend of Harding's who is often referred to as Bessilywoman. "You must build up to greater and greater heights so you can crash farther downward."

Harding and Caldwell's partnership began in the Yosemite Valley (it may be ending there, too; but of that, more later). They were loitering around the local lounge, the Tent Room of Yosemite Lodge, both convalescing from injuries—Harding from falling off a flat boulder, Caldwell from falling off a stump—and both obviously restless for new challenges.

Incapacitated only from the knees down, they kept their tonsils in trim by laying heavy plans for scaling El Capitan. Dave Hanna, the assistant manager of the Yosemite Lodge and a mutual friend, says it was all very casual. "You'd have thought Dean and Warren were going out to the beach with a six-pack and a Frisbee. But remember that in technical climbing they're the most advanced in the world. Warren has invented all kinds of devices—BAT tents, bat hooks, shove-leg pitons. If Warren and Dean put the same professionalism and intensity into business, they'd be captains of industry."

No better way exists to understand the magnitude of Harding and Caldwell's technical triumph than to climb to the spot—already many times the height of towering spruces below—where the aided ascent began. The sheer face starts so unaccommodatingly that only the most minimal cracks are available for pitons, and the top of El Capitan is so far, so straight up, that to see it at all requires a painful craning of the neck. From their special perspective



Harding and Caldwell (right) beneath the face of El Capitan.

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tive, however, Harding and Caldwell say that the first stretch presented no problems, except for the swallows.

"When we followed that first big diagonal crack," Warren gestures, "all the swallows that nest in it were coming home from wherever they do all day. Birds were diving and screaming and generally dumping on us."

Traversing left after leaving the swallows' abode, the climbers crossed an area of nearly flawless rock with a few shallow cracks. Driving aluminum blocks, trying to avoid using bolts, Dean was seven wedges out on a lead when his last block ripped out, quickly followed by six others. Caldwell fell 55 feet.

"You think about falling a lot," Dean says, "just because it's part of your thinking about the mechanics of climbing and arranging safeguards. You plan; you put a bolt in to deflect a fall in a safer direction. It's not a death-defying game."

"On the other hand," says Harding, "when seven pins tear out, that does sort of grab your attention."

Harding had this impression confirmed when he also took a long fall on the traverse. The travelers were happy to reach another rightward-angling crack affording better conditions. When the two left this long fissure,

they began the hardest part of the climb: 300 feet of absolutely blank rock requiring bolting all the way. All day long, every day, they hammered. At the approach of night, as lonesome blue shadow crept up the granite enclosure of Yosemite, leaving only the massive monolith of Half Dome lit yellow, the climbers pulled up their 300 pounds of gear and bivouacked, dangling from the sheer face on a single anchor. The secret of their being able to endure so many nights suspended from a wall was Warren's invention, the covered nylon hammocklike affair he calls a BAT tent (which he says stands for Basically Absurd Technology).

After 12 days the two were little more than a third of the way, and rations had long since been cut drastically. ("Thank heaven Dean, who figured out our provisions, is such a chowhound," says Harding.) Then the storms came. Rain, hail and snow pinned Harding and Caldwell immobile on the face for three days. They lay in water from Tuesday night to Saturday morning, Caldwell says, "During one storm I looked down and saw a pile of hail between my feet. I couldn't feel anything at all. Everybody knows it doesn't get cold in Yosemite."

"You get injured, inert," Caldwell explains. "It took

continued

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Harding closes with Beryl, a climber, and staff members of the LSEDFS.

me two hours to think of tying up the foot of the plastic bag I was in. That was no great piece of thinking, either. Pretty soon I was in water up to my knees."

Eventually the storms subsided. Frostbitten feet and all, the climbers enjoyed the great beauty of clouds of white vapor steaming off the wet cliff in bright sunlight. They pressed on to the long dike toward which they had been heading; and at the end of four more days they had almost reached Wine Tower.

Suddenly, now that the hardest part of the climb was over, much activity stirred atop El Capitan. Interrupted while driving a pin, Dean yelled up to inquire what the commotion was about. "You're being rescued!" he was informed. "The hell we are!" he roared back. (Two years earlier, rescuers had come down on ropes to "save" Harding during his ascent of Yosemite's Half Dome. Harding had boiled over on that occasion too and, cursing mightily, he had all but thrown his saviors off the cliff.)

"The rescue of Warren and Dean was, in part, conjured up in the Mountain Room bar," says Hanna with a shudder. "It started as just a probability conversation, but pretty soon plans were being drawn on bar napkins. They would have been safer coming down themselves with a broken leg apiece. The real peril would have been being rescued by that group. I can see them now, consulting cocktail napkins as they proceeded. If they lost one napkin, the whole operation would abort."

Harding says that the rescuers were getting a lot of garbled information. "They didn't research our condition at all. We were in constant communication with Dave, yet no one asked him anything. But then, the only thing more fun than a climb is a rescue."

Public fascination grew after that little drama. Fighter planes whistled under the two, and helicopters swarmed.

One copter, piloted by a Colonel Lee, landed on top of El Cap, to the justified rage of a park ranger, who threatened to arrest him on the spot. A photographer hung off the top from rope, lurking, like a gargoyle, in improbable places.

When Harding and Caldwell finally heaved over the last overhang, ravenous, they found in addition to the dozen friends and fried chicken they expected, 80 or 90 members of the press. National television recorded Penny, a Yosemite Lodge bar waitress whose last name Dean did not know, planting a moist, thorough kiss on Caldwell. Caldwell has yet to explain this satisfactorily to his girl friend Elf, watching at home in Portland.

The press might have preferred more haggard survivors, but both climbers looked, if anything, healthier than when they had begun. Considering their pre-climb celebrations, this is not altogether astonishing. Harding's first act on top was to look back and cry, partly in regret that the climb had ended. "I was feeling so good I couldn't stand it," Warren says. "It was the exact antithesis of being carried away with grief. It wasn't an ordeal at all. It was superliving. Doing these hard things makes everything better."

"You think of a mountaineer and think of a supergutsy person with no fear for his life," Caldwell adds. "In a way nothing could be farther from the truth. You utilize this fear to realize how great being alive is. Everything afterward is many magnitudes more satisfying."

"Beryl knows it's perfectly possible that I might be killed climbing, but she also knows it's what gives me life," Harding says. "I have a greater capacity for doing anything else, even enduring tedium, because I know I can always bug out and go climb a mountain. I wouldn't even consider it fear. Fear is being afraid you might collapse and fall apart, or bungle enough to drop some absolutely essential item."

"The only true fear I experienced was that those bastards were going to try to rescue us," Caldwell says.

"We don't live to climb. We climb to enhance living. We hardly ever talk shop. It's extremely boring—things like doing half a pitch of 5.10 liebacking or two tied-off 6.8 mashes."

Many self-respecting mountain climbers do not appreciate this kind of disparagement. Asked if some climbers are piqued by Harding and Caldwell's irreverence, Dave Hanna solemnly thought it over, then said, "Hell, yes!"

"Piqued is hardly the word," Caldwell admitted. "Some climbers think this is a religion or a competition or cancer research. Some groove on doing the same climb faster and faster. Others get down to memorizing the location of every pin. Making the climb becomes almost superfluous. To me the advantage of a first climb on a new peak is that you're not competing with someone else. You can come to a hellish problem and not have your mind cluttered with wondering, 'How did he do it?'"

continued

A man and a woman are in a workshop filled with unfinished wooden furniture. The man, wearing a green shirt and dark pants, is holding a cigarette and looking at the woman. The woman, wearing a red dress and a red headscarf, is holding a notepad and a pen, looking at the man. They appear to be in the middle of a conversation about the furniture. The workshop is filled with various pieces of unfinished furniture, including chairs, tables, and a ladder.

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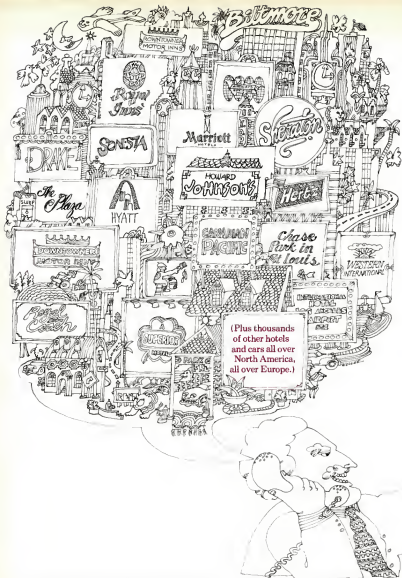
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"You might compare climbing El Capitan with writing a Ph.D. dissertation," contributes Dean. "It's essentially meaningless."

After El Capitan, the onward, upward school of climbers was anticipating new opportunities to blanch at the sociable pair; Harding and Caldwell had planned next to scale the prodigious ice wall of 20,000-foot Mt. Jirishanca in remotest Peru, to be followed by an ascent of the face of Angel Falls in the Venezuelan jungle.

But now, in what the two admit may be some reaction to the month-long enforced fellowship on El Cap, a fissure has developed in their working relationship—apparently a common, usually repairable, condition among mountaineers. Each now wonders of the other: Did success spoil rock climber?

And so, while Caldwell still prepares for South America, Harding talks of surmounting certain unnamed, unclimbed spires on the Yukon-Alaska border and voices unspecified complaints about the Hanna-Caldwell relationship. He says he needs to "get away from it all," adding darkly, "maybe even life itself." Caldwell tends to shrug off the feud, his strongest criticism of Harding being that Warren's life-style is "too structured." It is a complaint Harding has rarely heard spoken of him before.

If Caldwell still goes to South America without Harding but with a replacement less skilled, it unquestionably makes the Jirishanca assault chancier, but then the preparations they had made together were hardly in the same category as the prelude to D-Day. On his last trip Dean ascended Yerupaja, a stupendously steep and beautiful peak near Jirishanca. "We planned things so meticulously that we forgot nobody spoke Spanish," Dean seems to recall. "Also, we didn't bring any supplies because we had heard Peruvian customs were bad. Customs couldn't have been any worse than shopping. We rolled up one shopping cart containing 17 rolls of toilet paper and two liters of rum and nothing else." The Lima storekeeper was clearly thinking of turning their ears in for a bounty.

When Caldwell got Yerupaja surmounted, he rafted down the Rio Marañon, a tributary of the Amazon.

"People tended to expedite me more than I wanted," he says. "They thought, '*Norteamericanos*—must have a small fire built directly under his behind.' One place where the whole Marañon narrows to only 90 feet, in wild rapids, they expedited me into a highly unmaneuverable dug-out boat. It immediately sank. My photos would have been spectacular, but the emulsion really didn't come out very clear because it was under water so long. There were whirlpools as wide as a room. It turned out we were the first people that year to lose a boat and survive, and this was the 23rd of September.

"When we hauled ourselves out, dripping, this man asked, 'Did anything bite you in the water?' He was very profuse about something dangerous called a *panche*. I thought it was a put-on and said, 'Now, I'm not afraid of

panche.' "Not afraid of *panche*, Señor? It's five to seven meters long and eats people!"

"Later, in Iquitos, I saw a stuffed *panche*. Sure enough, it was five to seven meters long, and I don't doubt they eat people."

Dean ended by eating man-eating fish and capturing several tamarins and pygmy marmosets, six-inch-tall simians that now live with him in his family's house in Portland. There they have established territories, which they defend violently, screaming. "I got a letter from Dean with brown syrup spots all over it," Harding once said. "He explained that one of his marmosets had just run over his waffle and across the letter."

Donkeys could be the trouble on this trip to South America. Caldwell plans to pack in supplies to the first Jirishanca base camp on the little beasts, over serrated foothills whose vertical relief is 7,500 feet. Fortunately, the last village, Chiquian, is an unusually friendly little Peruvian mountain town whose inhabitants drive donkeys.

"I tried to work a donkey once," Dean says. "It took four days to cover a one-day trip with half a load."

The first camp will be at about 13,000 feet, the beginning of the glacier, because "people have tried to take donkeys on ice and bitterly regretted it." The second, at 17,000 feet, will be established where the glacier levels out and the real straight-up climb begins. This will be a classic route up the face's most prominent feature, which Harding blithely calls a "ridge," but which is vertical more than horizontal, being the meeting line of two huge concave walls. Three thousand feet up this sharp edge, the climbers will reach a 20,000-foot secondary peak. They will then dance precariously across a long, pitted knife-edge of a ridge to the summit, with half the continent falling away on each side. Not only is this the most dramatic route, but it may avoid the rock falls which regularly slide down Jirishanca.

Two other strong climbers will go to base camp for safety and to do photography. A wholly owned subsidiary, the Middle Andes Eating, Drinking, etc. Society, will also convene, starring Hanna, Beasleywoman "and anybody else who digs the idea, hopefully in a proportion of at least two girls per male." To finance the expedition Harding and Caldwell had thought about bringing in other people on a tour-adventure basis. "They can climb a 17,000-foot mountain, watch condors or visit a village essentially unchanged from the last century of the Inca period," Caldwell said. "They can stay with a family, watch weaving in llama wool and eat *anticuchos*, roasted lung and Peruvian bread." Then, amid the other ephemeral wreckage of their recent schism, the tour idea was scrapped.

Angel Falls on Devil Mountain is 19 times higher than Niagara, was undiscovered until 1937 and is still inaccessible except by one perilous route—40 miles and two or three days in the diamond and resort town of Canaima. "We thought the climb itself would require 18

ron kline

days, but that was before we took 27 on El Cap," Harding said. The face of Angel Falls is sandstone, but is extremely hard so that when the rock breaks, it fractures like glass, with brittle, sharp edges. "People have said walking on the fallen rock at the base is like walking on broken porcelain," said Harding. "It might shatter or be too hard to drill in. Fortunately, it looks like there are enough cracks for pitons."

Their first thought had been to climb a route dramatically near the falls, but that plan was based on a photograph taken during dry season. "We discovered later that the falls go from nothing to full torrent in an afternoon," Harding explained.

Part of the lure of Angel Falls is a question of its source. Some authorities say it comes from a branch of the Caroni River, but Caldwell has heard its source is a huge spring atop Devil Mountain. Revised plans are to scout the falls in person at high water. Raedrops falling on your head are one thing, the world's highest waterfall beating on it is another.

Since this reconnaissance won't come until months after the Jirishanca venture, the Middle Andes subsidiary of the Lower Sierra EDF Society will have ample opportunity to indulge what Caldwell calls "a real penchant for falling into a party situation."

A fine example of the society's uninhibited approach came one morning not long ago when the group impulsively decided to bake muffins at 4 a.m. The muffins

all baked, someone began thinking how delightful they would be to throw at each other. A Great Muffin War ensued, an occasion of such hilarity that requests have often been made for a reprise. (In the midst of the fun, however, Caldwell demonstrated that he has a serious side. Thinking compassionately of a friend to whom he had not written for two years and who was missing the Muffin War, he sat down with needle and thread and sewed a stamp on a particularly rubbery muffin. He then addressed and mailed the pastry to him, without bothering to include any explanatory comment.)

The society also sacrificed several large cans of Reddi-Wip to an indoor whipped-cream war. Beryl and Warren managed to get completely covered with Reddi-Wip, topped with a generous quantity of dust. Deciding that they needed a shower, they danced across Yosemite Meadows toward the communal lavatory under a large sheet. They were stopped by a security guard, who wanted to know what they were doing. Their explanation didn't help.

Caldwell still finds it difficult to take his impending climbs more seriously than his last one. A friend was recalling recently how Caldwell had timed his last arrival at Jirishanca to coincide with the disastrous Peruvian earthquake. The only thing that prevented this potentially cataclysmic confrontation was an injury that kept him from traveling.

"This time," Caldwell remarked, "we must be sure not to miss the annual earthquake season."

Someone threw a meatball at him.

END



Angel Falls in South America is Caldwell's future target. An airliner may be seen in silhouette against falls.



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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BASKETBALL—NBA. Milwaukee applied the championship round of the playoffs with two victories over Baltimore, 98-86 and 102-81. As the first number one team was quite ready—the Bulls' first three first-half games with the New York Knicks and without Glen Johnson, the Bulls' number one half-court in facing the Bulls, Johnson returned to the Bulls' lineup after a 10-day rest, but a 27-point performance by Lew Alcindor and an uneven match-up between Oscar Robertson, who scored 22 points, and Earl Monroe, who was held to 11, checked the Bulls' second win.

ABA. In the East, Kentucky came from behind to win its semifinal playoff series with Virginia four games to two. The Lakers scored about 24 points a 150-177 victory in which Roy Scott and Chatter (see note on relations) each scored 30 points. Then three more straight wins for the Colonials, by 128-109, 115-101 and 119-112, on the fourth match-up to Dan Ford and rugged defense. It was penultimate in the West, too, as Utah opened ahead 3-1 on a 126-99 romp, then Portland led 1-0 in the series with 127-109 and 105-102 victories.

BOXING—The Houston Astroline announced the scheduling of a bout between Muhammad Ali and Wally Chamberlain, the Los Angeles Lakers' 7' 2" center, but within 14 hours the Houston match-up was called off when Chamberlain demanded a \$500,000 guarantee—after two.

BOB FOSTER, although extended a full 15 rounds for the first time in his 16-year career, kept his world high jump title with a one-sided 6-foot 10-inch win over Roy Anderson in Tampa, Fla.

GOLF—JACK NICKLAUS continued the success of a Crowl (Ladd) Country Club course to win the tournament of Chambers, with a side under par 279, eight strokes ahead of Gary Player, Bruce Devlin and Dave Stockton (page 8).

BARBARA MCINTIRE, 38-year-old former U.S. and French national champion, from Colorado Springs, scored 104.5, 115-year-old defending champion in the North and South Amateur in Pinehurst, N.C. 6 and 5.

HARNESS RACING—Favored **SUPER WAVE** (55) took its 525-000 U.S. National Pace at New York's Roosevelt Racetrack to three-quarters of a length over Lenny N. At Hawthorne in Chicago, 50:00. CUSC (56) won the first division of the Sebastian Devoe Pacing Derby, 1:00. CUSC-TOMER (54) was the second.

HOCKEY—The Minnesota-Minnesota semifinal series scored with a 7-2 Canadian victory highlighted by Jacques Lemaire's three goals in the second pe-

nod. New the North Stars converted a 6-3 upset—the first playoff victory over an expansion club against an established team. Montreal scored with a 6-3 win of its own, defenseman Jacques Lemaire scoring two goals for the Canadiens, only to have Newmarket pick the favorite again, 2-1. In the second New York-Chicago match-up (page 2) each team was held to a game on home and away (see College Tony Expensive had a seven-goal for Chicago, Vir Hadfield scored the last goal for New York).

HORSE RACING—IMPETUOSITY (390-40) scored a three-length victory in the 16-mile \$34,000 Blue Grass Stakes at Keeneland, a major jump for the Kentucky Derby (page 2). In the California Rose Ann Stakes, second, and favored Dynamic finished third.

BOLD AND ABLE (52-80) took the Stepping Stone Pace at Churchill Downs by three lengths over Jet.

PAST FELLOW (89) ran a mile in 1:34.7, a record for the race, in his second 200-yard victory as the 551-875 second division of the Will Rogers Stakes at Hollywood Park. DR. KNOTT (519-40), winner of the first division, was a second slower.

LANDING PARTY won the Maryland Hunt Cup for the second time in three years in a record 4:42 for the four-mile, 25-year-old race. Only swim in the field of 12 finished one of their rides by Kathy Kester, the cup's first woman jockey.

LACROSSE—VIRGINIA's top-ranked team broke open a shut game with four goals in the fourth period to defeat New H. 7.

TRACK & FIELD—At the Drake Relays, FRANK SHORTER of the Florida Tech. Club ran three miles in 15:07, almost more than 10 seconds off Jack Macdonald's men's record. It was the third-fastest time ever by an American in the world mile. Shorter's 21:28 1/2 beat the most record by more than five seconds and was the fastest in the world this year. In Philadelphia, MARTY LUGOVI of the Wilkeson scored on an unbroken Penn Relays career in the 1000m, won three other titles. He anchored the distance medley with a 6:01 1/2 mile, beating Jay Sengle of Massachusetts by 12 yards, and returned the next day to take the 1000m, winning first-place and two-mile relay wins. The two-mile he ran a 3:35 1/2 mile in the footrace, a 6:01 1/2 mile. AL SCHOTTLERMAN of Kent team set a record in 2:09 1/2 in the hammer. His teammate JACQUES ACCAMORAY, won the same event in Drake with a 2:02 1/2 year in Wilkeson. LARRY at the Mount San Antonio Relays, JAY SILVSTER, world record holder in the discus, won

the event with 229' 4", a major record and 800 in the world this year.

An Olympic candidate from Colombia, ALVARO MEJIA, won the 75th annual Boston Marathon by the slimmest margin ever recorded. By a margin—over Pat McMahon of the Boston Athletic Association, in 2:18:47.

VOLLEYBALL—UCLA successfully defended its national volleyball title by taking three straight games from the University of California. Steve Backlund, Leddy Bill Kipper, the Bruins, stopped the Gauchos 13-6, 17-15, 17-15.

MISLEPOTS—ANNOUNCED BY Prime Minister ROBIN VOESTER, a slight restriction of South Africa's color bar in sports. The nation's national competitors may now take part in Olympic sports, tennis and golf on the weekend social level. Domestic sports will continue to be segregated.

COACHING CHANGES—BILL FOSTER, basketball coach at Rutgers since 1963, is the new coach at the University of Utah, replacing Jack Gendron. EARN DOUGHERTY, an assistant coach at Villanova for five seasons, taken over at Army. DICK HARTER, who coached Penn State's basketball team to Ivy League titles and NCAA championship both the last two years, resigned to take over at Oregon, replacing Steve Rife, who became assistant athletic director at Virginia Tech.

NAMED TO THE NATIONAL BASKETBALL HALL OF FAME—former top superstars BOB CUNY and BOB F. T. T. and the leader of the Harlem Globetrotters, the late ARNOLD KOTLIN.

NAMED BILL WINNER—the winner of Nats's Dances, and DR. FACHUR, Horse of the Year in 1968, to inaugurate a H.A.E. of Fame.

NAMED—An up-looker of the Year in the NBA DAVE COWEN of the Boston Celtics and GENE PETRIE, of the Portland Trail Blazers.

PURCHASED—The Pittsburgh Penguins of the National Hockey League, by a group of local residents, for an estimated \$2 million.

DIED—RUSS HODGES, 60, long the headmaster of the U.S. Navy and the San Francisco Giants, of a heart attack.

CREDITS

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FACES IN THE CROWD

JANICE COLE, 9' 10" senior at South Beaverton High School in Longview, La., led her team to the state Class B basketball championship with a record of 54 wins and no losses. She averaged an impressive 29 points and 26 rebounds a game for the season.

WALLY WIENER, of Hoffman Estates, Ill., a freshman outfielder for Harper Community College, had a pair of grand-slam home runs among four hits in five trips to the plate as Harper routed Elgin College 28-0. Harper hit eight homers in the game.

RICK PORTER, 6' 1", a senior at Medway (Mass.) High, was all-league in football and basketball. As a running back he gained more than 1,000 yards and scored 124 points. As basketball guard and captain, he led his team in rebounding. He also stars in track.

WALLY COLLINS, 65-pound wrestler for the Columbia Boys' Club in Portland, Ore., a two-time winner of the AAU State Junior Olympic Tournament, has won all 32 of his matches in the last two years by pins, 30 within two minutes, and has allowed no points.

JIM PARADEL, 15, captain of his Neighborhood Club Giant Baseball League team in Grosse Pointe, Mich., scored 74 1/2 of his team's points, averaging 31 1/2 points and 23 rebounds a game. His high game of 43 topped Dave DeBuschere's old league record.

CHRIS EVERT, a sophomore at St. Thomas Aquinas High, Fort Lauderdale, Fla., a two-time of three top-ranked women tennis players to win the St. Petersburg Masters. En route to victory she beat 14-ranked Durr, Billie Jean King and Julie Heldman.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

NEW LOOK IN PHILLY

Sirs,

Thank you very much for a splendid article on the Phillies' first game at Veterans Stadium (*Carlate Up on a Mod New Act*, April 19). After seven long years of waiting, everyone here in the Philadelphia area is quite happy about it.

I suffered through the great disaster of 1964 when the Phillies blew a 6½-game lead with 12 games to go and I have not seen such excitement over baseball since then. The Phils may not win the pennant this year, but they are exciting to watch, and they will be contenders in years to come.

ROBERT VUOTO

Pennsauken, N.J.

Sirs:

Your article was most critical of Philadelphia fans. So far Philadelphia teams have had dismal records and, consequently, there has been nothing to cheer. When Philly finally does get a winner, you'll hear about it in Veterans Stadium.

STEVE DONNELLY

Drexel Hill, Pa.

Sirs:

Give me a team like the Mets and a ball park like Shea Stadium. All the teams mentioned in your article are obviously trying to fill their ball parks. The Mets have done this all along. Shea Stadium is not domed, it does not have AstroTurf or an exploding scoreboard. All it has is good tenants.

JEFF COLE

Roselle Park, N.J.

Sirs:

In these days when baseball is fighting to stay the nation's No. 1 sport, fancy uniforms are a must. If the fan goes out to admire the stadium or the uniforms, he will soon admire the team playing there. Thanks to Houston for its Astrodome and Oakland for its white shoes.

STEVE BERRY

Stillwater, Okla.

HOT SPELL IN MONTREAL

Sirs:

To suggest, as you did in your baseball scouting reports (April 12), that the Philadelphia Phillies and the St. Louis Cardinals are better teams than the Montreal Expos is utter nonsense. In your great elation over the Phils winning 10 more games in 1970 than in 1969, you neglected to mention that the Expos increased their wins by 21. The Expos won 73 games, only three less than the total amassed by St. Louis.

Instead of worrying about the spring snows melting in Jarry Park, you should

melt some of your American bias and give the Montreal Expos the credit due.

LORENE DAVIS

Montreal

BALTIMORE'S REVENGE

Sirs:

On behalf of all Baltimore Bullet fans, we would like to apologize to Jack Olsen and Lew Alcindor for the complete omission of their article concerning the finals of the NBA championship between the Milwaukee Bucks and the New York Knicks (*We've Got to Spread a Little Anarchy*, April 19). Please rest assured that the entire Bullet team will atone for this deed by disposing of the Bucks as it did the Knicks. By the way, what happened to the other half of Earl Monroe's uniform that was left off the cover of your April 19 issue?

HAROLD POMERANTZ

RICHARD MASHULAM

Baltimore

Sirs:

The article did not give Baltimore a plugged nickel for its chances against New York. All Olsen and Alcindor could talk about was the "upcoming" Milwaukee-New York championship playoffs. Is Olsen willing to bet a Buck now on the final series?

KEN GROCKI

Baltimore

Sirs:

Fantastic job! I loved the interview with Lew Alcindor. You don't have enough articles about the Bucks or the key figures who have made Milwaukee the truly great team it is. It's apparent the Bucks are the best team in the NBA. After all, Lew said so, and what more assurance do you need?

JAYNE PIEPER

Gresham, Wis.

BURNT BRAINS

Sirs:

Concerning the Stanley Cup, Montreal Coach Al MacNeil summed up the Bruins-Habs playoff picture perfectly in your April 5 article (*Here Come the Big, Good Bruins*) when he said: "One year doesn't make a dynasty." The Bruins tried to mangle the Canadiens around but Montreal has the big men to push back. Then they tried finesse, but the Habs forechecked and skated the Bruins into the ice.

One of your predictions came true. Montreal produced the perfect goaltender—Ken Dryden, the law student who tried the Bruins' case and sentenced them to sit out the summer eating burnt baked beans.

As for those so-called loyal fans in Boston who booed Bobby Orr and Phil Esposito,

what poor memories they have! In sort of reminds me of the way the Bleacher Bums deserted the Cubs when the Mets beat them in the final days of the 1969 season race.

RICHARD F. DIXON

Windsor, Ontario

QUEEN OF THE MOUNTAIN

Sirs:

Rarely (perhaps never) have I seen a sports article written with more flavor or more color than Sylvia Wilkinson's *To Be King of the Mountain* (April 19). When passing through that area several years ago, I decided to drop in on the Chimney Rock Hall climb. The color and excitement I witnessed that day are captured perfectly in the article, which has prompted me to begin making plans to return this spring. While I can make no prediction of who will be king of the mountain this year, I think Sylvia Wilkinson must surely be the queen.

My kudos cannot be served without one brickbat, however. The drawings seemed to have little to do with the actual event. Oh, well, you can't satisfy everybody. Thank you again for the splendid reminder.

ERVIN W. HOUSTON

Cincinnati

NO HOME ON THE RANGE (CONT.)

Sirs:

After digesting conflicting claims by Jack Olsen and Jack Berryman regarding the use of poisons by the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service (*The Poisoning of the West*, March 8 et seq.), reader Judy Ertl wants to know who's lying (19TH HOLE, March 29). As is so often the case with complex ecological questions, I am sure that both sides can find evidence to support their conflicting views. But why can't this particular issue be explored experimentally?

This approach would require the operation of a number of sheep ranches in areas where no predator control was practiced, with careful bookkeeping to determine the cost of bringing one sheep to market. Similar records could be maintained for ranches operated under the loving protection of Fish and Wildlife. Because it is unlikely that any wool grower would volunteer for such an experiment, the operation of the unprotected ranches would have to be subsidized. I should think that Fish and Wildlife would be happy to participate in such a test and be willing to offer partial support. Furthermore, the National Science Foundation is presently financing (with over \$1 million this year alone) a study of natural grassland ecosystems directed by Colorado State University. One of the objectives of this program is to study man-environment interactions and to supply the information needed

continued

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18TH HOLE

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FREDERICK B. TURNER

Los Angeles

BY SWAMP BUGGY AND TRICYCLE

Sirs:
In your Jan. 11 issue you published an entertaining story by Pat Ryan on the annual ornithological madness known as the Christmas Bird Count. Now that the results are compiled, perhaps your readers would like to know how it all came out.

A total of 903 counts were accepted to few were outlawed because they did not abide by the rules. Some 16,657 observers from every state and Canadian province participated, many of them in more than one count, making this undoubtedly the largest cooperative, competitive, short-term, semi-scientific endeavor anywhere. Charles H. Rogers of Princeton, N.J. took part in his 70th count; the youngest paying participant was Ned Isler, aged 2 months, of the Bulmohr, Texas count.

The combined list for all the counts totaled about 560 species. Cocoa, Fla. once again led the nation with 305 species, but Freeport, Texas was a close second with 204. On the other hand, Nome, Alaska reported an all-day trek by snowmobile that found only three species—willow ptarmigan, common raven and McKay's bunting—and two observers in Roan Mountain, Tenn. walked eight miles and saw only 37 individual birds.

Observers once again showed remarkable ingenuity in getting around their areas. In addition to the usual cars and boats, modes of transport included horseback, horse and buggy, bicycle, ice skates, skis, snowshoes, airplane, helicopter, canoe, swamp buggy, arbotast, adult tricycle, golf cart and feet.

Finally, it should be mentioned that the Christmas Bird Count is organized, sponsored and directed by the National Audubon Society (as it has been since 1900) and that the counts are published annually in the April issue of the society's bimonthly magazine *American Birds*.

ROBERT S. ARIMA, Jr.

New York City

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